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THE FORUM 1924 PRIZE SHORT STORY

OUT of six hundred stories submitted to THE FORUM contest between February and July the following story was unanimously selected by the judges, Fannie Hurst, John Erskine, and William Lyon Phelps, as being, in their opinion, the most worthy of the \$1000 award.

THE SECRET AT THE CROSSROADS

JEFFERSON MOSLEY

IT was late in August. I had been attached to the General Medical Foundation since my professional graduation in June of the preceding year and was now on my way to a remote settlement known as Bell's Brake, where I was to continue my monotonous and personally distasteful routine of hookworm investigations. The inspiration of the physician's ideal seemed far-fetched to me that day, and its forlorn drudgeries their own reward.

Bell's Brake lies twenty miles west of Dalby, the nearest railway stop. At Dalby I hired horse and vehicle for ten days and set out across country according to schedule.

It was a hot, sandy plod all the afternoon, through typical bottom country, forest spaces alternating with rail-fenced corn and cotton clearings, and the light of other days broke on me in the color, odor, and grand passiveness of it all. South is South, and emotionally I was in the heart of home. Nevertheless I was a casual and transient through the particular region, and loneliness for things vanished took possession of me. I was jaded from long travel.

The accident that befell me about eight miles from Bell's was nothing extraordinary, but it brought on a futile delay. The rack-boned horse quietly pulled the swingletree in two, and I found myself without the means to repair it. At last, however, an old Negro drove up in a tottering buckboard. He had a half roll of cotton bagging with him, and from the cordage around this and a hickory pole I had cut he accommodated me with an African's best splice. After losing a full hour I got under way again, precariously. It was nearing six o'clock, and the sun was sinking. I wondered where I should be at midnight.

There is a curve in the road just before you reach the fork, five miles this side of Bell's. On the left is an undefined area of land once cleared but now run wild again, save for a clump of four or five half-tended graves. On the right stands a grove of live oaks, perfect of its kind. A swampy "branch" flows through it, leading the eye back into vistas of semi-gloom. The oaks spread their elephantine limbs wide and low, and the sluggish waters mirror long festoons of moss and muscadine. Frogs were beginning to chirp and grunt as I drove past, and spirals of mosquitoes were drifting out. A specimen of *culex pipiens* found me and wailed indefinitely in my ear.

But habitation of some sort met my eyes just around the turn. Nearest me suddenly appeared a group of outhouses, at the farther end of which was a larger unpainted board structure, — a store, it seemed, with gable and porch facing the road. Just beyond, the fork branched off; past that, woods again. Someone was cooking supper, — there was a rich, inviting smell of ham and coffee.

On the porch was a man in his shirt sleeves, seated in a slack posture, his chair propped against the wall. "J. H. R. Agard, DRUGS AND SPECIALTIES," the sign read, succinct and utterly vague. As I drew aside, the man on the porch arose with symptoms akin to those of lumbago, pivoting his steps at the knee. He took a stance against one of the posts, put his hands to his back, and expectorated.

"Good day," he addressed me, in a flat voice.

I answered and looked at him. He was small, sallow, and crestfallen in aspect. His eyes were dark and penetrating, yet curiously unexpressive, as though fencing for thoughts and exchange-

ing distrust. He wore a wide-brimmed, buff-colored hat, and glossy celluloid collar and cuffs.

"Stranger in these parts?" he inquired, hitching himself a trifle nearer.

"Yes, at present," I admitted. "Are you the — proprietor here?"

"Well, you might say I am. . . . Hello, what's the matter with that s'ingletree? Where you headed for?"

"Bell's Brake."

"Bell's, huh? — Might' poor place, Bell's." He seemed to weigh some delicate proposal. "Tell you what you might do: Suppose you put up here to-night. Feed that hoss; eat supper; get a good night's rest. There's a shop down the fork a ways; have your buggy fixed up there. Care to stop? Agard's my name, Mr. —"

He had come to the point. I introduced myself and alighted.

"Oh, John!" Agard called. "Come over here. — I want to ask you a favor."

"Comin' right now, Doctor. — Yes, suh! Git up, *mule*." This ready reply came from a big-muscled Negro field-hand, who had ridden up the road behind me.

"John," said my host, "I want you to unharness this gentleman's horse for him, unload his baggage, and take his buggy down with you to Mr. Comer's shop. Tell him this gentleman had a breakdown on the road, and ask him if he can't put on a new s'ingletree soon in the mornin'."

"Deed I will, Doctor," said John, beginning to unfasten the traces. Within five minutes he had mounted and started away, with a shaft in one hand.

"Look here, John," I suggested, "hadn't you better tie that thing to the saddle? You'll get pulled off."

"No, boss," he grinned, "I reckon I better take 'er dishere way, — mule's got all *she* kin do to ca'y *me*. San's heavy rollin'. We'll git 'er dar all right!"

The two of them dragged my buggy away. I had forgotten to offer John a quarter. "He didn't expect one," said Doctor Agard. My heart began to warm. It was the kindly feeling of my boyhood; I was getting nearer home.

The doctor and I had supper in the small dwelling house near by. Agard was a bachelor, I learned.

Toward the end of the meal he excused himself and crow-hopped across the hallway into another room. He and the servant, a bedizened young Negress named Sarah, were talking there in a low tone for some minutes. As he returned, I saw his hand on the door and heard his dismal voice:

"You might as well get Number Four ready. . . . Yes, but you never can tell. And take those ear-rings off, like I told you."

The next I saw of him was in the drug store, making up a chill tonic for a late customer, the blacksmith's son. A couple of wall-lamps with tin reflectors showed a surprisingly neat stock of drugs and sundries, though with the usual excess of patent nostrums.

After young Comer left, Agard and I sat on the porch.

He kindled a smudge. I removed my coat, took a chew of his tobacco, and tilted back my chair. He had become so friendly that all my suspicion melted into a sensation of being at home. I knew the accent he spoke, could foretell his very phrases, make the responses, — and the old stirring of the pines and the chirp of frogs set me aching for I know not what.

I told Agard why I was going to Bell's.

"Well, I expect you better start your treatment on me," he laughed. "I've been feelin' mighty no-account lately. Can't hardly keep up to my work a-tall."

I assured him that he hadn't the "hookworm look" about the eyes, but in my mind I was not so certain. I promised to leave him a test treatment if he so desired.

I was naturally curious about this man's medical education and practice. His being druggist and so-called "Doctor" in one would not pass as the conventional thing in some places. It savored just a trifle of the quack. I wished to establish his ethical background.

I got a very candid story. He had started out as prescription clerk, he said; then druggist. He had been importuned again and again to recommend remedies, had seen a local need, and had "read medicine." He had attended brief sessions at Louisville, Kentucky. Though lacking a degree, he had passed the State licensing board's examination and was freely entitled to practise.

He was not, however, a member of any regular medical association, so far as I could infer.

I persuaded myself that he was doing more good than harm, though as a rule I am opposed to all forms of empiricism in my profession.

We had sat for a half-hour or so, when he apologized that he had been losing a good deal of sleep and would have to "look around a little" and go to bed.

Just as I was rising to follow the hint, a gun went off somewhere in the woods. In the moment of silence that followed its echo there came to our ears a duller cadence, along the road from the west, — the monotonous plodding of heavy feet. Agard listened to this, and as it continued he hobbled in and came back with a lamp in his hand. Two men presently arrived in the lighted circle. Negroes again; one black as the ace of spades, the other yellow. Their faces were shining with sweat. They carried a tossing form between them on some sort of stretcher which they laid flat on the ground, grunting as they did so; then looked up toward the porch.

"Who's that?" Agard demanded.

"Bob Tolliver an' Morgan Luckett," the black one answered.

"You're Bob?"

"Yas, suh."

"Where you from?"

"Down Craney Bayou."

"Got your wife there?"

"No, suh, my sister, Pearline — Morgan's wife." Morgan seemed to shoulder some part of a man's responsibility at this. They stood looking up with foolish expectancy.

"When was she taken?"

"'Bout sundown."

The nature of the case needed little explaining.

The doctor seemed to wrestle with some loathsome incubus. "Well," he concluded, smiling feebly at me, "I reckon you might as well take her to the back."

They lifted their burden again, and Morgan started up the front steps without more ado.

"Hold on, there," Agard abruptly asserted himself. "Go around to that side gate. There's no way for you through here."

The mulatto backed away, muttering, whereupon Agard checked him peremptorily. It is a knack requiring practice and a clear-cut point of view.

"Mope along dar, Morgan, an' shet yo' damn' mouf," his brother-in-law mumbled urgently as they shuffled away.

"Sarah!" Agard called. "Side gate! Number four fixed?"

The reply seemed to be in the affirmative.

He turned to me complaining. "Woman drug in here from a saw-mill for me to look after. Seems like I never *can* get any rest. You go on and turn in, — you'll find your room ready."

But I did not rush off to bed. Instead, I explained the propriety of my going to the "back" with him.

"No, no!" he protested, wretchedly.

* * *

It was as I had surmised: a "hospital," the most unprofessional thing of its kind I have ever beheld; a squatting-place for misery. A playhouse dispensary and operating room; two sheds in lieu of wards, with two-tiered board bunks along each wall. An imbecile black hag in one room, whimpering for cocaine; in the other, a care-free son of Ham who, from some incentive, had reached a hand under a logging locomotive. Dearth of linen; the cases lay on unsheeted oilcloth; dismal kerosene lamps, and remnants of greasy victuals on tin plates.

Pearline was brought in. She was made as easy as possible in the bunk referred to as "Number Four," which Sarah had by some process made "ready." The case was well advanced but not yet urgent. Agard sent the two men on their way and set the elegant Sarah to watch and doze while nature took its course. His one expressed notion as we walked to the dwelling house was that he might yet "get a little sleep."

But by this time curiosity had got the upper hand of me. Agard's "ethical background" was becoming far more complicated than I had supposed. I was to leave early in the morning. He and I talked and tramped around in my room for some time, at the point of saying good night, and at last sat down on opposite sides of the bed.

"Well, you see," he admitted in a manner of desperation, "things sort-of *drove* me to it, — *everything*, seems like. You

know, it can get powerful quiet here in the brush. Sometimes for an hour you might hear a pin drop. An' I'd set an' think, — just as free as if I was ridin' up yonder on one o' them hot-weather clouds. It's hard to explain. . . ."

"Those mental processes can't be explained," I agreed, diagnosing a solitude-complex.

"No — you understand? Well, an' these niggers, now, — you can't let 'em think they're as good as you are, or first thing you know they're *better* than you are, by George."

"Quite right," I observed; "in some localities I could mention they won't give a white woman a seat in a street-car."

"Certainly they won't," he went on. "But, in his place, I've got no grudge against a nigger, — on his side of the counter and in his end of the house. When they used to come to me with the asthma or water-brash, I would always ask 'em about their symptoms an' their kids an' their crops whilst I was takin' their money. Fact is," — he bowed his cheeks to his fists in thought, — "I kind o' *like* a decent nigger. It was bred in me, I reckon."

There are limits set in the South to a "liking" for Negroes, — somewhat dangerous and very proper limits. This man recognized them; evidently acted within them. His case was very strange.

"Why let that bother you?" I humored him, "I like 'em myself, — any man does, that really knows 'em."

"Any man that had the dry-nurse I did," he mused, "a stout, half-grown Kafir-blooded nigger boy! — Well, about the drug business, I don't know hardly how it started, but it seemed to be the talk amongst the darkies that I would give 'em a *square deal*, — that I would go to some pains to mix 'em the right medicine, and all that."

"You mean, they took you for their *only* friend?" I countered this assumption of virtue.

"Well," he confessed, "I don't know just what to say when you put it that-a-way. There are some as fine old families in these parts as you will ever meet; but there have been a lot o' mighty wild boys that grew up over Dalby way. — God knows I believe in chivalry, an' the supremacy of the white race, Stranger; but —" He turned and faced me, suddenly on his guard.

" — But you don't believe in leaving the proof of it entirely to

the hoodlum element," I conceded. "Any thoughtful white man will agree with you there, so go ahead."

He went ahead somewhat more directly: "Well, I *will* say that things have occurred in this very county that can never be justified under any law of God or gentlemen, and our citizens just let it drift along, drift along. That's what's the matter with our nigger population to-day. Sullen? Disrespectful? Yes; even the good ones feel like they've got no show, no matter how well they behave. Doctor, we're losing our grip on 'em *morally*. It's a big, tangled-up question, I'll tell you. . . . Of course, I went along treatin' 'em about the same as usual, you understand; but more and more they got to lookin' to me as, — well, you might say, a friend. I had to read medicine; I *bad* to do the best for 'em I could."

I rather disliked his drift. "But," I broke in, "do you mean to say that the doctors —"

He caught the implication instantly. "Oh, far be it from me," he hurried, "to say anything against the regular medical profession. It's the highest calling on God's earth. I'm just a quack, but I'd give ten years of my life for a proper training. I don't say for a minute that these doctors around here wouldn't treat a black case as straight as they would a white one. But I *do* know that the niggers have got so they are doubtful and suspicious of everything a white man does, — think that the only interest he has in 'em is what little money he can get out of 'em."

"Not *my* kind of white man," I objected.

"Nor mine, either. Well, they got to comin' my way, — afoot, a-horse-back, an' on stretchers, — mostly at night. You wouldn't believe it; fifty miles around." A groan escaped him. "The sights I have seen, the tales I have heard! My friend, I *bad* to build those measly sheds out there."

"You will have your Reward."

"I hope to obtain Mercy. Anyhow, this nigger business has nearly got the best of me, — strength, property, self-respect, and all. I feel like an outcast, — not a soul left to stand by and help me but — a black wench."

I rose to the challenge. "Give me your hand, Doctor Agard," I said. "You are my kind of man — my *father's* kind. Your allies are the right-thinking classes here and everywhere, and they will

stand up for you, too, whenever they understand about you. As long as I am in this county, people are going to hear you well spoken of; and if I lived here, I would go *partners* with you, provided you would take me on. Just write me down as one *friend*."

His hard eyes melted as he silently returned my grasp, there across the counterpane.

* * *

A sound of decrepit wheels in sand.

"Doctor! O Doctor!" The call came stifled out of the dark, — searching, vehement — a monstrous whisper.

Agard and I rose and looked at each other.

"That means —"

"Trouble," I nodded.

"Nigger trouble." He seized my lamp and hopped out into the road. I followed. The same crazy buckboard that I had seen that afternoon was in front of the house, the same ancient driver, apparently the same roll of bagging.

"Why, it's Uncle Gabe — Gabe Peak," was Agard's puzzled remark. "What's the matter, Gabe?"

"Doctor, my boy got shot."

"*John* shot? My God *Almighty*!" The doctor spoke as though patience with Negro vagaries had limits. "I heard a gun, but never thought about John."

We looked over the back wheel. Unmistakably it was John, or what remained of him. A glance revealed an extravasated chest wound. He was in a daze, and, with thick gore bubbling from his lips, I thought he mumbled some reassurance to me about my buggy.

"Drive around to the side gate," said Agard.

The flimsy establishment got into action quickly. A stout stretcher was brought, and John was immediately conveyed into the rear shed and laid on a table of planks. There was rapid raking through an old sawmill surgeon's kit, opening of a can of chloroform from the store, fetching of gauze and absorbent cotton.

Gabe was terrorized and talkative. At a certain point of his babble, Agard closed up his kit and spoke: "Sarah, telephone for

Braden the first thing you do. . . . Doctor," he asked quietly, "can you bear a hand with this case?"

I am a physician, and I answered as such.

"Well," he announced, "we'd better be on the move now. Gabe, you shut up, and take all you can carry — here, take this bag. Wait, Sarah, — standin' there with those damned ear-rings on you! — you help get this man back on the stretcher. . . . Now, — I left here at six o'clock on the Dalby road, but you don't know where I was bound for, *do* you? — until the deputy sheriff gets here."

"Doctor, I don't even know whichaway you went, so help me Gawd!" Sarah added the artistic touch.

"All right; you telephone, and then stay here with your patients. Don't try to bar any doors. — Where's that Steve?"

The individual in question, sleek and hearty save for the amputation of a hand, stepped in promptly from behind the door.

"Havin' a fine time around here, ain't you?" Agard greeted him. "Now you take that buckboard and get it away from here as fast as you can, towards Dalby. Get it clear off of the road as soon as you can, and don't worry about coming back right away. Understand?"

Steve apparently caught the meaning. Agard turned to me: "Doctor, shall we be going?"

He took the front of the stretcher, and I the rear. Followed closely by old Gabe, we stumbled along through the dark over pathless ground.

I was reasonably certain that a dead white man and a half-dead Negro were involved in this scrape. Gabe would not even admit that John had stolen the corn. But it stands to reason that he had. He had a mule.

Evidently an altercation had occurred down at the Peak cabin. The white farmer's shotgun and John's five-inch dirk had come into play in some sequence, — simultaneously, perhaps, and not in the order of the nightmare that Gabe related.

Gabe did not believe that the incident was closed. He was in extremities of fright.

I wanted to hurry but could not see my steps. I heard the buckboard rattling away. We entered the live-oak marsh; three times I was splashing blindly through the "branch." We forced our

way through tall bear-grass, willows, and sassafras sprouts. The load of the burly Negro was like iron fetters.

At last a black obstruction loomed before us. This turned out to be another of the doctor's shanties, — the "spring-house," he called it. He braced himself and threw back a rusty lock; we passed in and laid our stertorous burden on a dank wooden floor. He then transferred Gabe's load to the inside.

"Now, you clear out of here," he ordered the old daky. "Go up the branch; go *away* up. Keep goin' till you get to Millard's pasture. Then look out for yourself."

Gabe had done the best he knew for his wayward son. He now embraced the occasion to eliminate himself.

Agard struck a match and coaxed an oil wick into flame. He took off his everlasting cuffs and used my handkerchief to polish the lamp-chimney. I looked about me.

This never had been a "spring-house." There was a broad, rough shelf along one wall, where the surgeon's kit now lay. In the middle of the floor stood a table of pine boards and trestles. There was a window, at the end of the room, closed with a sliding shutter instead of a sash. Below this stood a camp cot. Narrow strips of mosquito screening were tacked here and there over obvious cracks. The lamp hung on a low wooden bracket at one corner of the table.

John was barely conscious. We carefully laid him on the boards and ripped away the rags of his calico shirt.

"Will you operate, Doctor?" Agard ceremoniously invited me. Operate! — There in the dark.

"No, Doctor, the patient is yours," I replied with due formality. "I shall, of course, be pleased to assist you as required."

I saturated a wad of gauze with chloroform and applied it. The instruments, such as they were, were laid out in order, and I stood by. An intravenous injection was prepared in case of need, — a large veterinary syringe which Agard filled accurately before starting to work.

The traumatism of the case may be passed over. It was inordinately gross; the pericardium itself was exposed and doubly punctured.

Agard, however, was not fazed for an instant. He methodically sutured the still oozing pectoral veins, cleared away bone frag-

ments and pulmonary tissue, and went ahead extracting BB shot as daintily as if he expected a pink-tea convalescence. I merely changed sponges — sponges — as fast as I could roll them, and I made an absorbent dressing as big as a hat. The heat, odor, and gas soon became very bad, since the doctor objected to the door being opened, — on account of the army of insects, if nothing else.

What was the use of it all? I speculated. Mere make-believe; the slayer's life was triply forfeit. Yet Agard worked on, ant-like, always searching out the obstruction. He was grotesquely impeded: he had no tools, no light, no technique, — nothing but intuition; but he exposed the left lateral aspect of the heart and went about reproducing Laurent's operation like the born surgeon he was.

The hunt was up. First we heard a shot; then two; then a tremendous hullabaloo from up above, knocking about, cur dogs barking, and the shrieking of Negroes.

I looked at Agard and dropped a probe. He never paused.

"I can't be in two places at once," he said. "— Glad I can't just now." He faced me. "Would *you* like to beat up to Millard's pasture, Doctor? I can easily turn down the lamp for you."

"I'll do with this for a while yet," I answered. The sweat began to trickle off the point of my chin in a little stream. Agard seemed dry and cool, — a man sapped of all moisture.

The racket at the quarters in time wore away to silence; Sarah had evidently kept her trust. I peeped out to see if the premises were on fire.

"I'd keep that door *shut*, if I were you," Agard harshly whispered.

But it must have been a hunting instinct, and not my indiscretion, that was responsible for what followed. The cry was full on us almost before we knew it had started. All the jungle that had seemed to me so vast was covered in one rush. We had just shot home the prepared injection when the door burst open before a booted heel.

"Ah — ! I knew damned well we'd find 'em together!" the leader exulted.

In the lamp's yellow light he stood instantaneously revealed to my eye, for what he was — a young nobleman. Though frightened

out of my wits, I loved him unawares. I claimed him as of my own people. He was a six-footer, about thirty, trim-belted. He covered us steadily with a blue steel automatic. His face was fresh and full; his very teeth were handsome; his voice, though keen with revilings, had a quality that no mongrel ever yet registered.

He was a young lion lashing himself into a proper frenzy.

Behind him trampled a small but adequate mob. I saw a rope, pistols, faces, — some stern and resolute, others relaxing already into enjoyment.

"Jim Agard will doctor up the black dog!" shouted the leader. "But never mind, Doc, *we'll* treat his ailment now, you misbegotten nigger-hugger!" The supporting party cursed emphatic approval.

"Are you sure there's enough of you to take him away from me?" Agard asked, pitifully sarcastic.

"Don't you get smart!" was the unanswerable threat. "I could take him away from *you* with one hand, you little old fool!"

"Yes, I know you could, Lieutenant, if you wanted to paw around with raw meat. This nigger has been shot to death in the first place, — let him alone. I've called for the deputy sheriff; can't you let the Law have a whack at him, either?"

"To hell with the lawyers! Agard, do you know what that black fiend's done?" the younger man almost wept. "He cut Rafe Bascom's heart out, — *Rafe Bascom!* — the straightest white man God ever made . . . left his poor wife a widow and his girl an orphan, — the black, dirty hound! But *you* don't care for that, — *you* don't even care who your own mother was. All *you* want to do is to harbor dirty niggers and consort with your little painted nigger wench! Bring that rope, men. I'm go'n-to shoot this misbegotten white dog now, and *break up* some of this dirty business around here."

The wretch, Agard, surely thought his last moment had arrived. His voice was a mere husk. "Go ahead and shoot." He grimaced. He turned his limp hands to them, palm outward, his arms blood-stained to the elbow. "If my life has brought me no better esteem than that, — if you believe I misconduct myself with the only woman I can hire for a nurse, — if I am a *dog* for

practising medicine, — why, *go ahead and shoot*. B-But you might have a little mercy, Baldwin."

The deadly finger seemed to hesitate on the trigger for an instant. Tense silence had fallen, broken now by the criminal's groans and quiverings on the table.

"Watch that nigger, — he's tryin' to get up!" an excited voice called.

My tongue, which had dried and cleaved to the roof of my mouth, loosed itself at Agard's last utterance of the name, Baldwin.

"Don't kill that man, *Clifford!*" I shouted, hysterically. "In God's name, don't disgrace your family by shooting down defenseless invalids!"

All eyes centered on me. Clifford's face, the reckless face of my own cousin, unseen and almost forgotten in fifteen years, stared at me blankly for a second.

"George!" he burst out. "Of all people! What in hell are *you* doin' here with this low-down nigger-kisser? — Of course I wasn't goin' to shoot him, — just scare him a little. But you've got no business here takin' up for him!"

"I've got a doctor's right to treat a case," I said, my whole body shaking, "and you and your crowd have got no right to dog this poor fellow like hell-hounds till he's afraid to call his soul his own. How could a Baldwin ever do that?"

"Because he takes up with niggers and has nothing to do with decent white people."

"Because you've driven him to it," I protested. "He's told me all about it. And he's clean as a hound's tooth, too. Clifford, I swear to you, this man's doing your dirty work, all by himself, — doing the best he knows to smooth out this nigger trouble, like a good white man, — because he's got a heart and got nerve. And none of you ever reach him a helping hand."

Agard was hanging on my words like a culprit on his attorney's.

"Then what's he doing hiding out this Negro murderer?" demanded my cousin, his voice rising to renewed wrath.

I told him that Agard had no intention of letting any murderer get away; that he only wanted to save his own neck if he could; that the Negro had no chance, in any event. "Look over there, gentlemen, if you want to see a man die," I addressed the others.

It was a gruesome, almost unreal spectacle, not to be dwelt upon. It had a revealing effect upon the beholders. There was a mixture, a beginning reversal, of emotion, — a new kind of interest in the concerns and doings of the quack doctor. John did not expire quietly. He was a magnificent brute, of untold powers of resistance. But he never could have survived; of that I am certain.

"My God," Agard suddenly exclaimed, and toppled over.

A weakness came over me also; but I did not find it necessary to divulge the unprofessional ruse involved in the manner of John's taking off. I am accountable to no man for knowledge of the kind and quantity of solution that Agard had put into the syringe for the worst emergency.

* * *

"Well, men, let's adjourn and go home," said Clifford several minutes later. "It looks like this raid was a mistake, and I apologize all round. Doctor Agard, here's sixty-eight dollars and some change. I don't think the boys will bother you much in your work after this. Here's my hand on it, — never mind the blood."

More affirmations were received, hands shaken, and the crowd at last was gone, — all but my cousin. We three tarried a short while in the shanty and then walked up the rise together.

Agard and I went into the "hospital." It was less of a wreck than I had anticipated, though there was some breakage. Sarah was still there, cowed, with the two other women and her green glass pendants. She announced her intention of leaving at once, but I helped to dissuade her with reassurances and a present of money.

"Well, you see what's happened to *this* night's rest," Agard tried to joke gaily as he set to work again, this time with the woman in the throes of childbirth. His ordeal had made him look sallow, older, more utterly insignificant. There was still a mystery about the man. He was expiating some doom that I had not penetrated.

It was a sombre reunion for my cousin and me, but the late night air was refreshing as we walked down the fork between the pines, through cool sand and dewy tufts of bitterweed.

"Cliff," I asked at last, "how did you fellows ever get so *down* on Agard?"

"Oh, his immorality, I reckon," my kinsman replied, moodily.

"Humbug. I tell you, he's not immoral."

"Well, — oh, you know, — the nigger business just attracted attention."

"He let his zeal outrun his discretion?" I suggested.

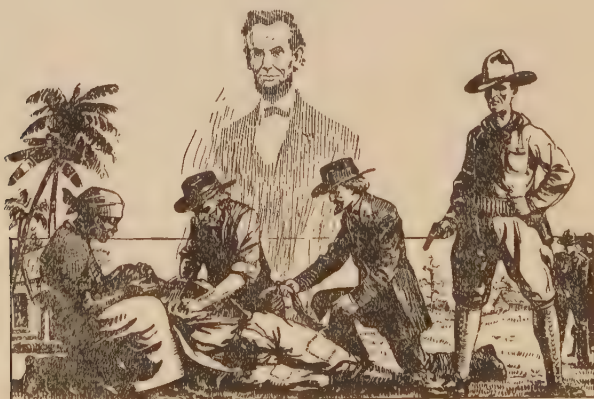
"Yes," Clifford declared testily, "just like every fool Yankee will, with niggers."

"Yankee?" I gasped. "Why, I took him for one of our own people, born and bred."

"Well, yes, he *was* born and raised right there at the forks. It seems a little funny. His mother came of one of the very finest families around here — the Millards. But his *father* was straight-out Yankee. The old man came down here from Illinois after the Civil War, — Springfield, Illinois, I think they say."

"Oh, indeed?" I murmured. "Good God, *you don't say so!*"

So, the mystery about Agard evaporated. At last I had located his Ethical Background. It was not my background, in any vital sense, — I should have had wit enough to know that. His was rather palpably connected with the lowly Abraham Lincoln's. Background. . . . Of course, we are all free to choose our lives, to a certain extent; but, on the other hand, there always remains the question of why we choose it.



THE NEGRO MIGRATIONS—A DEBATE

WHAT are the causes, and what are likely to be the immediate and ultimate effects of the exodus of Negroes from their southern homelands to the cities and factories of the North? Are the causes that impel the Negro northward purely economic, as Judge Fortson maintains? Or, as Mr. Pickens believes, do the economic factors merely furnish the opportunity to the Negro to realize his natural desire for freer and fuller life? Both debaters are agreed that the immediate effects of the migration are beneficial to all concerned, but they differ widely as to the nature of these benefits. And when they pass to a consideration of the ultimate effects of this population movement, though they both agree that it will tend to solve the existing racial problem, they differ startlingly as to the manner of its solution. Will the Negro migrate to racial extinction? Or will he disappear as a race only by the gradual diffusion of his blood throughout the entire population of the Nation?

NORTHWARD TO EXTINCTION

BLANTON FORTSON

IN the past few years numbers of Negroes have left the Southern States and settled in the North. The number has been variously estimated at from two hundred thousand to upwards of half a million. From Georgia alone, it appears, nearly a hundred thousand have gone since January first of the present year.

A movement of peoples on so large a scale has naturally aroused widespread interest and speculation as to its causes and effects. All investigators now seem agreed that it is caused primarily by the restriction of European immigration and the consequent shortage of unskilled labor in the North. Of course there are other contributing factors, but that is held to be the chief cause. As to what will be the results, there is no such unanimity of opinion.

There can be no doubt that the presence in the South of the Negro race in such vast numbers has constituted a most vital and difficult problem. This has been true from the time they were brought captive to its plantations; and each passing decade since

their freedom has seen the difficulty, on the whole, accentuated. Not that slavery was the correct solution; but the succeeding status has proved all but intolerable.

Every public question in the South is influenced by it. It touches every decision, — economic, social, political, — that is made. It has a direct bearing upon the daily lives of the people. Different individuals and groups react towards it differently, of course, but all are profoundly influenced by it. From the isolated white farmer and his apprehensive women-folk, through such organizations that would uplift the Negro on the one hand and those that would suppress him on the other, to the politicians, — legislative and executive, — in the state capitals, the Negro's presence is never forgotten. And because of this the South has been prevented from developing normally.

It is recognized, of course, that the South has made considerable progress since the utter prostration following the Civil War; indeed, considering the difficulties under which it has labored, its development, along industrial lines especially, has been remarkable. But every thoughtful person must realize that the South has not kept pace, and is not now keeping pace with the development of other sections of the country; and it would seem that there must be some fundamental reason for this retarded progress other than the devastation of a war and reconstruction now nearly sixty years behind us. Few sections are so richly endowed with such a variety of natural advantages, — climate, minerals, harbors, water-power, soil. It has practically a monopoly of one of the chief staples of the world — cotton; and yet it lags behind the rest of the nation in wealth, agriculture, manufactures, and education, although its white population is composed almost entirely of the dominant race of the world.

It is true that it is frequently argued, especially by those without any first-hand knowledge of the South, that its climatic conditions account for its slow development. Without citing classical instances to refute this theory, one need only refer to progressive Southern California, whose climate is more tropical than that of any Southern State except Florida, and which has yet been fortunate enough to escape a large population of inferior peoples. Indeed, Florida is now, after having received a large influx of white settlers, making greater relative progress than its neighbors.

But it is not necessary or desirable to take issue here with superficial theorists who attribute all progress to climate. Attention need only be called to the fact that the Southern States are temperate, not tropical. There, no less than elsewhere in the temperate zone, nature supports no one who does not toil. There the winters, while not extreme, are bracing; and the summers, while long, are not severe. It is by no means a settled question which section of the United States is most ideal for the greatest development of the white race. Whatever may be the correct opinion as to the salubrity of the climate along the coastal plain, certainly it must be agreed that in the vast upland country, which from Virginia to northern Alabama is known as the Piedmont Plateau, the climate is perhaps unsurpassed on this continent.

Does it not then seem more probable that the retarded development of the South is due to the presence there of some ten millions of Negroes, pauperized, with little capacity, and largely illiterate? Consider for a moment simply the waste occasioned by the drain upon the nervous force of the white man which this presence entails. Who can estimate the time, energy, and thought consumed in dealing with the numerous phases of the problem? — time, energy, and thought that would normally be directed into channels of progress and development.

And with what compensating good can the Negro be credited to offset this expended energy? Is there any?

With his low standard of living and easy-going shiftlessness he has made of the South a region where labor is pauperized, with the usual results of such a condition. And the presence of this mass of low-grade workers has cheapened, if not debased, all labor. Therefore the white man who would work, whether as a laborer, cropper, or tenant upon the farm, or as an unskilled worker in the town, must compete with the Negro on the Negro's terms. Indeed the effect is more far-reaching: cheap labor is a determining factor in fixing the prices of the South's products, and these are usually found to be not far in excess of the cost of production with Negro labor. The consequence of this can only be deplorable upon the white man.

There are two reasons why the Negro is paid so small a wage. One is undoubtedly because his capacity is small; the other is due

to his low standard of living. Before he is paid more he must increase the one and raise the other. Men work to supply the wants of themselves and their dependents. Their wants are determined by the condition of their associates and surroundings. Of course there are other motives. But if a man's wants are few, if he has no sense of thrift, if, as we say, he has no ambition, the amount of his labor will be small and its quality poor. Therefore, knowing the characteristics and limitations of the Negro as they do, and believing him incapable, within any reasonable degree of time, of changing his nature, Southern white men have, for the most part, looked upon the exodus as a deliverance for their section.

It has long been accepted as a truism that a country is great because of the quality of its people. The thought of the world is no less agreed that for civilization to "carry on" the upper classes must constantly be replenished from below. If a very large percentage of the lower strata of any state is so deficient in capacity as to be incapable of advancement, the extent of its handicap is obvious. In two Southern States the Negroes constitute the majority; in several others they amount to about forty per cent; in others they constitute a third of the population. Can it be doubted that these States are thus proportionately retarded?

If it be granted then that the South is held back by this mass of inferior peoples, there are open to it but two avenues of escape: one is to improve the Negro, the other is to let him go.

Those who have studied the question of improving the Negro are at first optimistic and then depressed. What they find is this: The Negro is capable of improvement so long as he is in a superior environment. He seems, to a greater degree than the white man, the yellow man, or the brown, to require external support to maintain a high level of industry or of character. Thus, where a few Negroes are scattered among a large white population they are undoubtedly more efficient than when left to themselves in large numbers. Some among them even achieve a certain distinction. The army intelligence tests have fully corroborated the popular observation as to this, the Negroes of the North averaging far ahead of the Southern Negroes. This truth has also been demonstrated by the examples of Liberia and Haiti, where Negroes, many generations from savagery and with a veneer of

civilization acquired by contact with whites, when left to themselves rapidly returned to barbarism.

We are thus forced to conclude that while the Negro is capable of considerable development, it is only when he is in contact with his superiors; that this cannot be the case where he constitutes a large percentage of the population; and that any section wherein he amounts to a majority or a large minority will be denied its greatest development. In this connection a line from James Bryce, written in 1889, seems pertinent still: "But for one difficulty," he said, "the South might well be thought to be the most promising part of the Union, that part whose advance is likely to be swiftest, and whose prosperity will be not the least secure. The difficulty, however, is a serious one. It lies in the presence of nine millions of Negroes." And De Tocqueville, writing so early as 1833, with clear prescience remarked, that "the most formidable of all the ills which threaten the future existence of the Union arises from the presence of a black population upon its territory."

All discerning foreigners who have made a study of the question have reached the conclusion, so far as the present writer is aware, that the Southern States will be permanently retarded in their development so long as they contain so large a proportion of the black race. Our own thoughtful observers have reached similar conclusions.

Of course the intelligent leaders of thought among the whites in the South have always recognized that the Negro should be helped in every way that it is possible to help him without weakening or destroying their own racial purity; and that this is a duty they owe to themselves no less than to the Negro. But one can well understand their feeling of relief now that other sections are at last to share the burden.

But, it is sometimes asked, if the Negro goes, can the white man do his work? The answer undoubtedly is, yes. White men in ever-increasing numbers are laboring in the fields of the South to-day. Most of the cotton is now raised by white labor. The old theory, first promulgated perhaps by apologists for Negro slavery, that white men cannot work in the Southern climate, has been utterly exploded. Nor, after the period of readjustment is over, can it be reasonably anticipated that there will be any

difficulty in obtaining white men to till the Southern farms that are now being abandoned by the Negroes. The percentage of births per year to population among the Southern whites has only been exceeded by that among the Southern Negroes. The native white Southerner in the rural districts increases as fast as the European immigrant in the North, under similar conditions. In fact the census discloses that the South is the only section of the country where the Anglo-Saxon continues prolific. Hence the natural increase of this race would seem to be sufficient to supply the normal needs of the South, and will no doubt do so, although immigrants from the agricultural sections of the North and West may perhaps also come, in satisfying numbers, once the Negro problem, with its unfavorable economic concomitants, is removed.

Again, one hears argued, the Negro is there, the South is the best place for him, the Southern white man understands him and is, in spite of sporadic instances of brutality and injustice, really the Negro's best friend; and even if it be admitted that it is better for the whites that he leave, it is unchristian, not to say inhuman, to permit him to go north; to say nothing of the harmful effect upon the North.

Let us examine this idea.

A recent statement, issued by a committee named by the City Club of Atlanta to make an exhaustive study of the present exodus, contains this language: "Balancing the account for the Negro who migrates we find that he is admirably suited to industry, receives from two to four times higher wages, enjoys better housing conditions and superior school facilities. . . . And for the Negro who remains at home there must come an increase in wages and slowly improving conditions. The net result for the Negro cannot but show a great advantage to his credit."

By nature the Negro is no more a farmer than he is an industrial laborer. Other than as a slave he has no agricultural traditions. He is always happier and works better in groups than when alone. He has a very embryonic sense of individual responsibility. Hence, he is much better suited to the jobs to which he is going than he is to farming.

As to the effect of the migration upon the North: Should the Negro be equally diffused throughout the nation he would no-

where exceed ten per cent of the population. This will probably never be the case, although it is conceivable that it may be nearly approximated. However, whether he be five or fifteen per cent, when he constitutes only a small minority he will be no problem; and since the communities to which he is going are already heavily populated with whites, and the demand for his services in any locality must be relatively small, it is difficult to imagine that the Negro will ever amount to more than an inconsiderable minority in any Northern state. But suppose he should be a problem there, would he be as undesirable as the immigrant whose place he is taking? Let the one be balanced against the other. The Negro is by nature conservative; he is neither a bolshevist, a socialist, nor a revolutionist. English is his native tongue. He understands American employers. And because of the ineradicable instinct (call it prejudice if you will) innate in all Americans of the older stocks against mixing their blood with the black man's, there is very little danger of race deterioration from this source. The indications are indeed that the Negro will, unless constantly recruited from the South, in time become extinct in the North.

The undesirable immigrant is, saving his inferiority, all that the Negro is not. He is tainted with bolshevism. He neither understands the English language nor American employers. He is prolific. He intermarries with other Americans, and in time, if his numbers be not checked, will weaken and supplant the old stocks.

There will always exist in normal times a demand for unskilled labor in the industrial centers. Where will the North get this labor? To supply it from the present sources in eastern and southern Europe is but to increase the number of inferior peoples in this country. To use the Negro is only more evenly to distribute the inferiors already here without adding to their numbers; indeed it is perhaps eventually to reduce them. The available statistics for the past five years show that in the North the proportion of deaths to births among the Negroes is 115-134 deaths to a hundred births, as against sixty deaths to a hundred births on Southern farms.

We therefore conclude that it is better for the Negro, as an individual, to migrate. It may be that as a race he will, in

the North, gradually die out, for there he seems to lose his fecundity.

For the North it means the substitution of the Negro, whose numbers will tend to decline, for the undesirable European, who would multiply and overrun the land with his inferior progeny.

This article has been devoted to the economic and social aspects of the case. Lack of space prevents any discussion of the political side, but it will show equally good results. When the Negro becomes diffused throughout the country the reason for the existence of a "solid South" will be removed.

So it appears that instead of looking with apprehension upon this migration, everything should be done to promote it. It is true that readjustments will have to be made; it is true that it will entail loss and inconvenience upon many Southern farmers and landowners. But the resultant benefit to the Negro, the South, and the nation will so far outweigh these difficulties as to cause them soon to be forgotten.

The way to promote the movement seems clearly indicated. It lies in intelligent restriction upon immigration.

MIGRATING TO FULLER LIFE

WILLIAM PICKENS

THERE are in the United States from twelve to fifteen million people who are socially, and in some states legally, classed as Negro. For economic and other reasons many near-white colored Americans pass for Caucasians. The American Negro group occasionally shows a very exceptional characteristic among races: females outnumbering males. That is because a man may change his "race" more easily than a woman. White-faced colored men may "pass" and get away with it more easily. When a strange man comes into the community few questions are asked, but a strange woman must give references. Remaining in the colored group are more mulatto females than males. What impels these persons to be "white," when they can, impels

Negroes of every hue to move northward, when they can: namely, the desire for a better chance to live.

That is the comprehensive reason, and it is a fallacy to give any particular need of life as *the* reason. People have an inertia against migration, unless pushed or pulled. Those who see only economic causes point out that lynching, "Jim Crowism," and other social evils had previously existed for the Negro in the South. The answer is: the economic situation furnished the opportunity, but those evils fathered the *desire*. If a man, many years in jail, suddenly found a rope ladder hanging from his window, we could not conclude that the ladder created the desire to be out. It offered the chance.

The World War gave the Southern Negro the chance of a lifetime to move. Previously the labor unions, and a million immigrants a year from Europe, had effectually barred the colored American from any chance to live and work in large numbers in the North. Southern perils were preferred to the more certain terrors of Northern hunger. A man in some danger of being hung by a rope to a tree will risk it against the privilege of sure death by starvation. Before the war it was something of an adventure for a Southern Negro to move with his family to a Northern town where there were no Negroes. But the great industrial North, as a "war measure," sent labor agents to offer high wages and free fares and rent. Southern blacks responded with alacrity, and now there is hardly a Northern town so small or so remote as not to have its nucleus of Negro population. This vanguard of relatives and friends makes it simpler for others to come. Therefore many communities have Negro immigrants that come mostly from the same section of the South.

No passports were necessary, so that it cannot be known how many Southern-born Negroes have moved North since 1914, but the guesses range from a few hundred thousand to upwards of a million. The number must be very great, for the Negro population of Chicago increased from less than 50,000 to more than 150,000; of New York, from about 60,000 to about 200,000. Many other cities more than doubled their Negro population. On one Sunday at one railway station in Philadelphia there arrived 3,000 Southern Negroes. Negroes in the North at the last census numbered a million and a half, only half of them Southern-born. The next

census may count a million more; and the majority of "Northern" Negroes will be Southerners for a generation.

What will be the effect on Negroes and whites, North and South? Prior to 1914 Negro labor was practically limited to the South, and this limited market made his labor cheap, regardless of its real worth. If cotton could be sold only in the Southern States, cotton would be a very cheap article, in spite of its intrinsic worth. When a Negro's labor sold for fifty cents in a cotton field, somebody else, somewhere between the plantation and a New York bargain counter, got what was "held out" on that field hand. The migration worked a double economic blessing for this Negro: it gave him a wider geographical field of employment and raised his wages even in the South. It bettered his general social condition, in spite of the persistence of such evils as lynching. When two jobs were looking for one Negro, and not two Negroes for one job, the black man on the job heard fewer curse words and got a little more pay. He was also conceded a better school house, a more sanitary residence, and slightly improved travelling accommodations. The Negro who migrated was a benefactor to the one who remained in the South.

For the Northern Negro the immediate effect was different: it set him back, at least in present happiness. Previously the Northern whites had had only a far-off missionary interest in the "Negro question," and their passion about it had cooled off between the Civil War and 1914 to almost zero. To them the Negro race was just like all other races, — in theory. But this very unbiased theory made them more apt to be right in their judgments about the Negro. They could the more clearly reason about him because they had no personal trouble with him. But when Negro families in their block increased from one to ten, and Negroes in their public streets from one hundred to ten thousand, then some Northern whites found out that they were just as weakly human as other whites. Finding this out, they began to justify the Southern evil. They said: "Why, if we lived in the South, we would do just as they do." Losing their personal disinterestedness, they lost their clearer vision. Sympathy for a common human weakness should not justify a wrong. A man may say truly: "If I had been born and reared in that cannibal island, I would be a cannibal." But that is no argument for cannibalism.

To the Northern Negro, therefore, the migration brought discrimination and humiliation where he never knew it before. He began to be unlawfully segregated, — barred from eating and drinking places, theatres, parks, beaches, and other public resorts. In Dayton, Ohio, — which has a street named in honor of its great Negro poet, Dunbar, — its colored people before the migration could go unquestioned into any place of amusement and be served to any usual public accommodation. But when five Negroes came instead of one, the erstwhile liberal-minded people began to make the natural mistake of trying to get rid of a problem instead of facing and solving it. To segregate a man or shut him outside is a futile effort to settle the problem between you and him. At best it is only a postponement. When a large group of unschooled Negro or foreign white children come into an American community, they burden the educational system for ten or fifteen years, — for a school generation, — if they are *taken in*; but if they are *shut out* of school, they burden the whole community for indefinite generations. To segregate a minority is to shut it out; for the larger institutions of civilization cannot be duplicated. Few states will make *bona fide* efforts to maintain two equal and adequate public school systems. No state will succeed at it.

On the other hand, the irruption of the Southern Negro may prove a future blessing to his Northern brother. The rude awakening to present realities does not change his status; it merely dispels the illusion and shows up the Northern Negro's status for what it is. Toleration may have been mistaken for rights, but the Southern Negro brings more votes, more power, more racial strength and consciousness, and more ambition and enthusiasm in his fresh arrival at opportunities, so that what is retained or gained in the future by the Negro in the North will be real and permanent. Awakening from a cheating dream, he makes a real start in life.

The effect on Northern whites has been indicated in the discussion of the effect on Northern blacks. Northern whites will get a better knowledge of the interracial problem; they will better understand colored people — and *themselves*. There is more hope if the problem is considered national, rather than sectional or local. The "leave it to the South" sentiment will not survive the

migration. With "our" problem facing "us," Northern whites will lose their conceit of superiority over Southern whites. The pitfalls of the South will be possible pitfalls for all, and we will heed the mistakes of the South, — and maybe avoid them. It may help the North to a wiser sympathy for the South. We have never smiled much when reading the grim fun poked at the South because of its natural weakness under its handicap, — as when the writers tell hilariously how it has produced few great books and statesmen, little art, and no liberalism. Even some of the white South's own sons, who migrate and grow "bigger than their nest," emphasize their own attainments by thrusting this joke at her. Pity 'tis, 'tis true. The South has used its energies trying to defeat natural laws. It has the energies; they need redirection. Its present follows its past, as night follows sunset. The North can take the same course to the same end. Dr. John Louis Hill, one of the liberal-minded Southern whites who appreciate the situation, says flatly: "The first and greatest mistake of the South in its attitude toward the colored man, a natural and inevitable one perhaps, was that after the Negro had been set free, the South still regarded him as inferior and a servant." "The North has had opportunity to demonstrate its ability in this direction but has failed. The North has not been altogether sincere with the Negro. The Negro accepted the North's overtures at full face value, came here to make good, and after (he had) made a sufficient success to enable him to take his place among property owners, the North promptly began to throw bombs under his house and to demand his segregation. When the Negro's presence began to interfere with the business and to depreciate the property values of the Northern white man, the Negro at once became *persona non grata*."

If the migration causes the entire country to realize the gravity of the problem, its meaning to the nation and the world, and the responsibility of every section for its just and final solution, it will do good. For every race problem is simply the attitude of mind of the stronger and more advantageously placed race toward the weaker and less favored people. It is a psychological state, resulting largely from economic, but also from political and social reactions, chiefly in the favored race. The "solution" is setting right the strong, not the weak. In America we call it the

"Negro problem." That is because the white man had the naming of it. The blacks would have called it their "white problem." And certainly the Negro's problem, of re-creating the white man's mind toward blacks, is far more difficult than the white man's problem of influencing the Negro's mind toward whites.

The effect on the Southern white man, then, is of highest importance. There is much sentiment in the South; perhaps more sentiment than justice. That is why the South can show affection for the Negro as an individual when it does not show him fair play as a race. Sentiment is personal, but if this sentiment could be organized and broadened it might be a great influence for interracial good. What is the South's reaction to this Negro exodus? The Southern white man is a fair index to the possibilities of the white race anywhere. For it is superstition to regard men as very different because of invisible geographical lines, or climates, or even a few generations of differentiated history. What the South has done for 300 years any group in the white race might have done. What the South is now doing, almost any group of whites may do. And while that does not justify the deed, it puts the matter on a basis more scientific than any superstitious ideas about distinct types of human psychology.

The South did not want the Negro to leave. They used persuasion, threats, false arrest, and even mob violence to hinder it. They charged the labor agents from the North exorbitant "license" fees, and when the agent paid the fee in one town he found his license no good in the next town. This was no change of heart toward the Negro. Hearts do not change so suddenly. It was the realization that he was the woof in their economic fabric. For the present, at least, he was a necessity, and a necessity does not have to be loved or hated. It simply *is*. But the Negro kept going; neither force nor tricks could stop him. Men learned a primary lesson in subordinating traditional prejudices to community interest when they saw that there are forces in human society as inexorable as the law of gravitation; that every race and class are a part of the community; that less cussing and more kindness will keep a Negro at work longer; that good schools attract Negro families; and that lynching may or may not kill a criminal, but that it invariably drives away law-abiding colored folk.

While the war stimulated the organization of secret reactionary societies to maintain the old order, on the better side we hear of "interracial committees," inter-church efforts, friendly discussions and debates, movements for better schools and for recognition of Negro individuality and personality,—a societal travail to give birth to a new order. These activities are numerous in the South. But those who know the natural slowness of social progress do not expect the millennium to-morrow, nor yet the next day. But when white and colored Americans discuss their common problems in frank and friendly spirit face to face, there can be no such extravagance of expression as when the whites used to discuss it with the "problem" shut outside, disfranchised and voiceless.

Negro labor is well adapted to the industries of the South, and it would be a general blessing if political and social conditions induced a fair proportion of colored people to stay there. Dependable Negro labor enabled the South so quickly to recover its economic life after the Civil War. Then a self-seeking type of laborer would have ruined the Southern white man. Negroes are the quickest workmen in the world to espouse and take a "family interest" in the employer's business. Their faithful hands redraped the south in the silver fleece of cotton, and to-day they produce that staple. Men sometimes say that white farmers "produce the cotton" because they own the farms and get the profit,—as we say a white man "built a house" or "paved a road" because he stood under a shade tree with an umbrella over him and bossed the Negroes who did the work. For in spite of the little parlor pleasantries that "the Negro will not work," we have noticed that whenever a white man, especially of the South, does a particularly steady and honest day's work he always describes it thus: "Well, I certainly *worked like a nigger to-day!*" In dispassionate and unguarded moments we utter the truth.

Some still cling to the forlorn hope that the Negro will accommodate a solution of the problem by simply "dying out." They discern a ray of hope in the fact that American Negroes die faster than American whites. A scientific judgment could not be drawn from differences in death rates unless the *conditions of life* were first made the same. If living conditions and death rates differ in the same direction, what difference is there? People living

five in a room are not to be compared with people living one in five rooms. Well-paid and well-fed people cannot be compared with underpaid and ill-fed people. One cent added to the price of a loaf means death to the poor. When Negroes first migrate to the North, of course they die faster, sometimes faster than they are born, — for the child-bearing kind are less likely to come at first. If they had migrated to Africa, where millions of Negroes live, they would have died faster still. But the second generation, the children who are reared in the North, die less rapidly. Negro families in New England reach back to colonial days. When there were thirty million whites in the States there were about three million Negroes. To-day the Negroes have more than multiplied by three, as have the whites, although for many years a million white immigrants were annually added to the native increase. Death awaits the hope that the Negro will die. The colored American may be amalgamated and rendered almost invisible, but he will not die out. In other words, his color may be dissipated, but his quota of blood in the nation's veins, somewhere, will not be diminished. We call it an "unprecedented problem," but it is more reasonable to suppose that this drama has been played a thousand times on the stage of human history, and perhaps sometimes with greater tragedy.

Some shudder at this permanent natural alliance with an "inferior race." We know of inferior individuals, of inferior civilizations, of inferior stages of development, but what is an "inferior race?" Certainly to the bejewelled people of Tutankhamen the barbaric race which later produced Julius Caesar was an "inferior race"; and surely the Negro conquerors who overran Egypt and overthrew the Pharaohs would have regarded the skin-clad Teutons of northern Europe, who later produced Frederick the Great and George Washington, as an "inferior race." Verily, "inferior" and "superior" races are dates in human history.

THE PASSING OF THE CALIPHATE

NATHANIEL PEPPER

THE unchanging East changes before our eyes. Turkey, bulwark of religious fanaticism, ousts the Caliph. The most momentous event in the history of Mohammedanism since its foundation is to Islam what the loss of the Pope's temporal power was to Catholicism. It is an event made inevitable by a confluence of many causes,—the World War, Nationalism in Turkey, the infiltration of western ideas. Its results, in the opinion of this astute observer, will be beneficial to the West as well as to the East.

ONE by one all the conventional Occidental certitudes concerning the East are being invalidated. The unchanging East, the East that never could be hurried, moves in leaps and transforms itself as it leaps. Japan, — nation of the yellow race, and therefore non-activist and decadent, — conquers a great white Power, Russia, becomes herself a great Power, and sits in the council seats of the mighty. China, ineradicably rooted to the past and bound by the wisdom of the Ancients, dethrones its autocratic monarchy and turns republic overnight. India, immemorially and irreparably sundered by internal racial and religious dissensions unites Hindu and Moslem behind Gandhi, and wrings concessions from the British raj.

And now Turkey: the most fanatic and religion-centered of the fanatic and religion-centered Islamic peoples abolishes the Caliphate, and the Caliph himself, Defender of the Faith and Viceroy of the Prophet Mohammed, is ignominiously banished from Constantinople in the night. No proclamation of holy war by the other Islamic nations against Turkey for its blasphemy follows, nor is there any rush to the barricades on the part of the Turkish people, outraged by the new government's impiety. Islam as a whole is singularly unmoved, and the loyalty of the Turkish people to their new rationalist rulers is to no recognizable degree diminished. Where, then, the hoary platitude about the Turks as religious fanatics? What of the historic bogey of Pan-Islam, of Islamic unity against the infidel Christian world, the bogey with which innocent Occidental statesmen have been frightened time out of mind, — or with which skillful Occidental statesmen have been wont to frighten their publics time out of mind? Or is it, too, a myth grown great by being oft repeated? If Mustapha Kemal and his cabinet in Angora have done nothing

else than to raise these doubts they have been of service to their fellow-men, Christian and Moslem alike.

This is not to say that the abolition of the Caliphate is not otherwise of importance; to the contrary. To Islam it is the most significant event since the founding of the faith. Its effect on the Mohammedan world will be what the effect of the loss of temporal power by the Pope was on Christendom. In political and social portent it is as weighty in Africa, Asia, and by reflection in Europe, as was the deflation of the influence of the church in Europe. Further, I believe the effect will be for good.

First, in Turkey itself there is a clean break with the past, the corrupt, obscurantist past. This is not to put beyond the bounds of the possible a counter-revolution, with a restoration of the Sultanate and even of the Caliphate. This is not impossible, but more improbable than probable. There are, to be sure, disaffected elements in Turkey. The classes professionally attached to the church, those comprising what may be roughly called the priesthood, — though Islam has no hierarchy, or even an ordained clergy, — are irreconcilably hostile. So also are those who had a vested interest in the court, — the professional retainers, the permanent office-holders, and the parasitic growth that attaches itself to any Eastern dynasty. They crave access to the flesh-pots no less than ever, and they remain a nucleus for counter-revolution. The hold of the mollahs, or priests, on the illiterate peasantry has not been broken by governmental fiat. Religious cries may be successfully used some day to rally the masses in opposition to Mustapha Kemal and his republican government; or Kemal may die; or foreign intervention come. But it is doubtful whether religious cries alone will ever be enough. If there has been no spontaneous response yet from the Turkish people, such as may come later will lack genuineness. It will be an *ex post facto* indignation generated by discontent arising from other causes. Whatever the outcome, also, the Sultan-Caliph can never again represent in Turkey what he once did. The divinity that doth hedge a Caliph still more than a king cannot survive the indignity of being hustled out of the palace and on board a train between dark and dawn. There is a difference between assassination by secret court intrigue and public humiliation. The institution is not profaned by the former. An idol cast into

the mud may be raised, cleansed, and set back in its shrine, but it can never again exercise on men's imagination the same mystic appeal.

For the same reason, among others, the Caliphate can never again have the same meaning throughout Islam. The Mohammedan world has lost its centre, — exaggerated though the significance of the Caliphate as a binding force always has been. True, there are various contenders now for the rôle of Caliph, but the very fact of competition is a sign of weakening and of division. There may be another Caliph, in Arabia, India, or elsewhere, but he will lack the prestige that came to him before through the historic continuity and the military and political strength of the Turkish line. It was Turkey's imperial might and military capacity that was Islam's greatest strength for centuries.

The principal result, however, of the passing of the Caliphate is identical with the main originating cause of Turkey's drastic act. That is the movement for nationalism, astir everywhere in the Near East, combined with a movement for modernist social reform. It was not caprice that actuated Mustapha Kemal and his associates in Angora; still less was it underestimation of the risks they were running. They abdicated Turkey's leadership of Islam and, still more, struck at the first article in the Islamic faith, — the fusion of church and state. They did so, with all the risks involved, in response to the dictates of an inescapable logic.

Kemal and his group, who reclaimed Turkey from foreign control and have made themselves its masters, are Nationalists in the full, West European sense of the word. They want to make Turkey a nation instead of a theocracy, a nation and not a religious centre. They want it to be a state like any other contemporary state, one resting on a basis of racial and cultural homogeneity, organized on a political foundation, self-contained and self-dependent, and subject to no claims from without. Also they are social reformers. They want Turkey to be an enlightened, modern state, and this not only from a social and political philosophy, but out of a conviction that in that way only lies salvation for Turkey.

The first essential, therefore, was to cut away the overhead of Islam. Turkey can no longer carry it. It has been to Turkey, moreover, less of an asset than a liability. When other Moslem

peoples have been menaced by imperialist aggression, Turkey has been called upon for defense. Not until Turkish military prowess began to decline, had the sway of European imperialisms been widely extended over Moslem territory. And even since the decline Turkey has been a negative check against over-ambitious empires by its potential striking power. On the other hand, the Turks have not forgotten that in the World War Islamic peoples refused to come to Turkey's defense and even allied themselves with its enemies. The obligations have not been mutual.

Empire the Turks have already renounced. This was involuntary at first, many of their colonial possessions being lost in unsuccessful wars. Now they are reconciled to the loss and do not want to regain territory. They are too few in number and too weak in physical resources to defend and administer colonies. To attempt to do so would be suicidal. Furthermore, the men of the Kemalist school are convinced that the recent history of other nations, no less than their own, is unconfutable evidence that imperialisms, however successful, carry within themselves the seeds of their own destruction. They have reached their decision on rational grounds. They want no empire, because empire does not pay. Coming from one of the oldest empires in the world and perhaps the most warlike people, this has an interest that needs no elaboration.

Freed from Islam and from imperialism, Turkey is left with no choice but nationalism. A nation it cannot be, however, as long as it remains a cosmopolitan, loosely-knit church-state, with indefinite boundaries criss-crossed by various races, cultures, loyalties, and claims. It must be a compact unit in territory and population, racially and culturally and politically integrated. It must be a single people with one interest: its own welfare and development.

Almost all the apparently unaccountable actions of the Turkish government in the last two years, including those that have been palpably injudicious and sophomoric, may be attributed to its desire to further this aim. So may be explained the repressions of the minority races and the unwillingness to allow the Greek and Armenian refugees to return to Asia Minor to live in separate communities as before. So may be explained the almost hysterical desire to rid the country of the Capitulations,

under which foreigners have lived in Turkey subject to their own laws almost as autonomous foreign colonists. So also may be explained the Turks' arbitrary steps to curtail the autonomy of the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs and even their rather unreasonable infringements of the rights of missionary institutions. In short, the Turks are determined, even to the point of being stiff-necked, doctrinaire, and insistent on technicalities, to be exactly as every other country in Europe, with a government exercising within its domains the same powers as any other European government.

I do not wish to seem to exalt this ideal. In the light of contemporary Europe, it is quite possible that the abandonment of cosmopolitanism for nationalism is a step in retrogression. There are enlightened men among the Turks who are quite conscious of this. They answer that these are the conditions of the twentieth century, that they are living in the twentieth century, and that the necessity of survival compels them to conform to its conditions. Only a nationalist state can survive at this stage of political and social evolution.

Furthermore, Turkey cannot be an effective and independent nationality unless it brings itself socially, politically, and economically in line with modern Europe. It cannot have ruling over it a paternal, despotic Sultan-Caliph — political autocrat, religious pontiff, and representative of more than one nation. It cannot be an Oriental feudalism, its peasants illiterate serfs, and its women half-slaves, veiled and secluded. The Turkish people must cultivate a sense of political responsibility and the capacity to exercise it. There must be schools everywhere, unrestricted by ancient religious dogma. And whatever its political status may be, it cannot have true independence so long as foreign capital controls its economic life.

Against every effort for reconstruction or social reform the Caliphate has stood as a deadweight of obstruction. In Turkey clericalism has been all-powerful, and even more than elsewhere it is rooted in conservatism. Although there is no hierarchy, every aspect of the nation's life has been dominated by the church. The law courts and the schools have been religiously administered and controlled. The *hodja* class, the *ulema* or learned expounders of the Koran, have been the social arbiters.

And against every reform, every change of custom, every increase of freedom and enlightenment, they have set their face, playing on the superstitions of the masses with threats that this or that proposal was contrary to the Holy Law. A church founded on a doctrine that regulates conduct as meticulously as the Koran and premises the religious regulation of secular affairs as absolutely as Mohammedanism, — a church so backward must inevitably be a foe to change, whether change promise progress or retrogression. But again, change, complete social change, is a precondition of Turkey's survival, as every intelligent Turk knows. Since the passing of the Caliphate, with all that it represents of religious domination over non-religious concerns, is a precondition of change, the Caliphate had to go. So the Caliphate has gone — under compulsion!

Political considerations entered also, of course. So long as the Caliph's court remained, there would be the nucleus of counter-revolution of which I have already spoken, the existence of a permanent opposition with the desire for restoration to the old days of the Sultan and his parasite court. Also there was the danger that this party of opposition would be an instrument for foreign intriguing. The proverbial technique of great empires in weak, undeveloped countries has been to play on internal dissensions, bribing now one side and now another to give concessions and special privileges in exchange for backing against domestic political rivals. This technique has been used in Turkey before, and the presence of a disaffected reactionary group centered around a Caliph would result in its repetition with fatal results for the Nationalist government. The fact that the Nationalist government has taken an intransigent attitude against all foreign dominion over Turkey, against special rights even, gives added weight to its fears and logic to its precautions. Fundamentally, however, the Turks have made their historic break with tradition in order to establish a nationalist state, socially modern. And if they have had at least the acquiescence of the Turkish people, the reason is that the people have seen that the Nationalists have delivered the country from vassalage. They have seen also the fruits of the old régime. Even if only instinctively, rather than rationally, they have sensed that a choice must be made, that a republic and a church-state cannot co-exist; and

having tested the results of both, they have elected to follow the one that has already preserved the nation's existence.

Now, if the other Islamic nations have shown so little active resentment against Turkey's humiliation of the Defender of the Faith, it is because in all of them there are these allied movements for independent political nationalism and social modernization. Particularly is this true of Persia, where the facts revealed subsequent to the killing of Major Imbrie, the American vice-consul, make clear the issue drawn between the younger men of reformist tendencies and the priesthood. There, too, the younger men want to modernize Persia, and the priesthood, with its sway over the masses, obstructs. Dimly, as yet, there appear signs of an anti-clericalism throughout the Moslem East comparable to the Reformation, though in the Moslem world it turns on social questions almost exclusively rather than on theology.

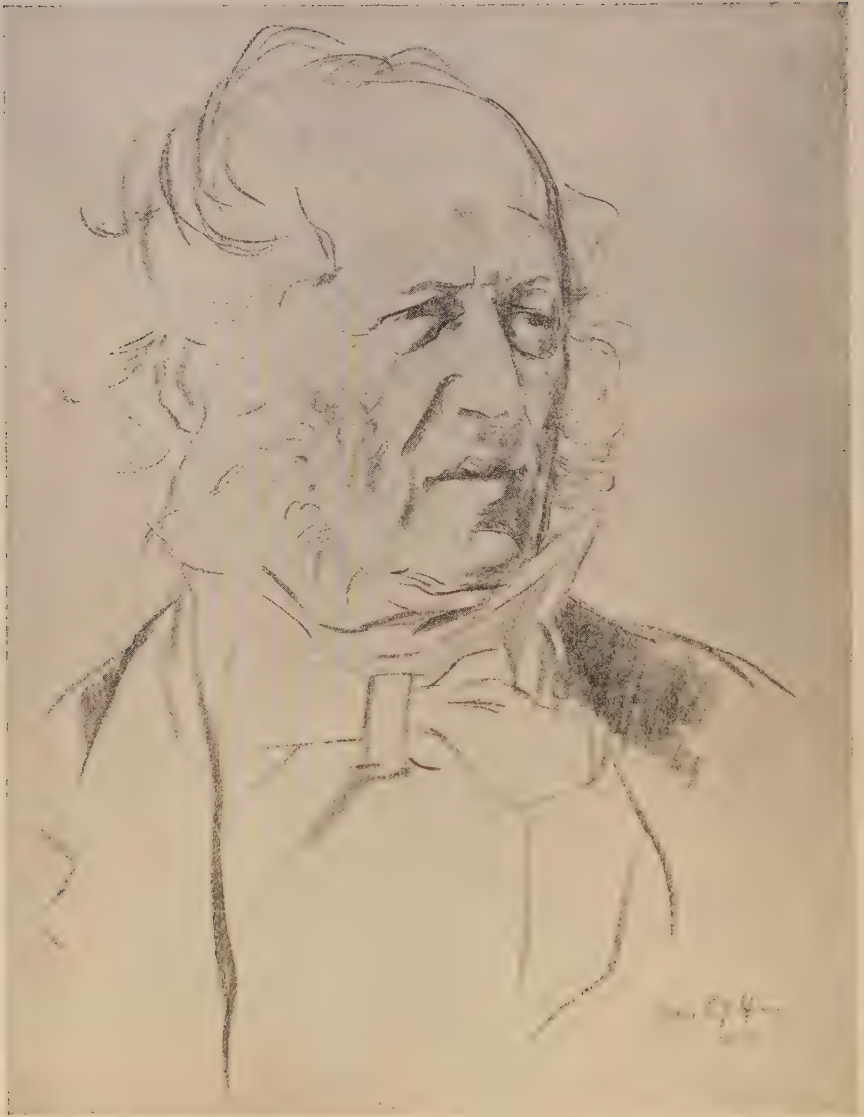
The movement for political nationalism throughout the Near and Middle East is visible to the most casual observer. It is astir in Arabia, Syria, Egypt, and India, and it will be given impetus by Turkey's success in emancipating itself from European bondage. This is a force of considerable potency already. The formal breaking away from an Islamic center, weak as it has been latterly, will give added urgency to the desire of each Moslem people to find some independent, self-sufficient status for itself. This in turn will react on the great Powers which have Islamic dependencies and perforce modify their imperial policies. It may even change the form of their empires.

Islamic nationalism cannot long be denied in the twentieth century any more than could European nationalism in the nineteenth. It is in the spirit of the times and it has been richly nurtured by events in all parts of the East for a generation. It will be all the more robust for what has happened in Turkey. Nationalism, the desire for independence, and not any fantastic plotting for uprising against the white, Christian nations, is the aim of the Islamic peoples, — a political and not a racial or religious cause, — and different events in different ways but clarify the issue.

The abolition of the Caliphate is, I believe, one such event, and quite likely the most important. I believe it also to be highly beneficial. It is unquestionably so, in so far as it tends to weaken

a force which has impeded social progress. A good case may be made for the desirability of the Eastern peoples' retaining their own cultures, but in most Oriental lands there has already been so much infiltration of Western civilization, together with Western political control, that the question is only under whose auspices and regulation complete westernization shall be, — native or foreign? Railroads, factories, and oil wells will come in any case. Unless political democracy, more widespread education, and freedom from mediaeval restrictions come too, the fate of the Eastern peoples must be to serve as backward helots to foreign masters in highly industrialized lands. Ultimately this must also react unfavorably on Occidental peoples, for the rivalry for mastery over each helotry, — whether Persia's oil shall be British or American and Turkey's coal French or British, — can have but one result — more wars. The social development of each Eastern people by and for itself, with political independence strongly enough based to be free from foreign menace, is one guaranty of peace.

Finally, whatever tends toward breaking the ancient alignments coming down from the Crusades is to the world's profit. Occidental solidarity no longer exists. The more Oriental solidarity is weakened, the more faint becomes the possibility that is the nightmare in so many men's minds: the possibility of an ultimate clash between the races. A world divided into numerous nationalisms, even in the face of the last ten years, is yet a less dangerous world than one divided into two hostile racial groups, with racial hostilities still further exacerbated by religious differences. If, then, the inner spirit as well as the outward form of Islam undergo radical change by reason of Turkey's apparent blasphemy, as I believe they will, the change will be also, I believe, one by which the world is bettered.



COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

*The Staten Island ferryman who, from nothing but a pair of oars and
a skiff, amassed a hundred million dollars*

THE BILLIONAIRE ERA

Part I — The Vanderbilts and Andrew Carnegie

ARTHUR TRAIN

Illustrations by Ivan Opffer

IN Colonial days there were no great fortunes in America. But the Puritan stock brought with it the Old Testament philosophy of life which, when economic causes created the opportunity, made possible the accumulation of vast wealth. At first the American millionaire was loved and respected. He was the emblem of the nation's greatness, — a living proof that it was the land of opportunity. Then, gradually in fact, but with seeming suddenness, he became anathema, — symbol of a people's bondage.

THE rise of the multi-millionaire in the United States has occurred within seventy years, — the span of but one man's life. During that comparatively brief period the attitude of the public towards great wealth, originally one of respect and admiration, changed to suspicion, antagonism, and hatred, which, culminating during the "Roosevelt Era", has gradually subsided to one of indifference.

Originally we had no rich men in America. Vast personal wealth was foreign to the conception of American Colonial life and even in the earlier years of the Confederate States. So far as I am aware, there was no outcry of "Bolshevik" or its contemporary equivalent when, in 1792, James Madison, in "The National Gazette", in setting forth his ideas of preserving the political health of society, declared that it could best be done "by withholding unnecessary opportunities from a few to increase the inequality of property by an immoderate and especially unmerited accumulation of riches," and "by the silent operation of laws which, without violating the rights of property, reduce extreme wealth towards a state of mediocrity, and raise extreme indigence towards a state of comfort." This, to be sure, may have been merely political window dressing. But honesty, frugality, and simplicity were to the founders of the republic the equivalent of what "liberty, equality, and fraternity" mean to the democracy of France, — and they still are, at least theoretically, the basic American virtues.

From the seed of economic opportunity and equality sprouted the first modest American fortunes. Founded chiefly on trade they

injured nobody, — not even the possessors, — and excited pride rather than envy. A million dollars a century ago meant something to its owner in social position, in comfort, in manner of life, in what he ate and wore, and how he got about. To-day the man with a billion is no better off than his secretary, who wears substantially the same clothes, eats the same food, and goes to the same hotel. You cannot improve upon the luxury of the modern hostelry. You can improve only the character of those who occupy the rooms.

It would be interesting to know who was the first American millionaire. He probably came from Salem and made his money in the China trade before the era of embargoes, for like the ships of Tarshish those of the old Bay State sailed each year to Hong Kong, Java, and Madagascar, bringing home fragrant cargoes of silks, lacquer, spices, and sandal wood, "gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks." The word "millionaire" in those days conjured up visions of the jewels of Ind, — of "begums" riding in golden houdahs upon the backs of stately elephants.

It is significant that our New England forefathers owed their prosperity directly to their religion. Believing themselves at the instant of delivery from their mothers' wombs, and perhaps before, ordained either on the one hand to eternal rapture, or upon the other to the scorching of hell fire and the gnawing of the worm, it only remained for these God-fearing, — or, rather, God-terrorized, — men to demonstrate that they were of the elect by their works. The Puritan, and his descendants, for a hundred years and more, led a life of sobriety, frugality, and hard labor, that he might "give out of his abundance" to others and "lay up treasure in heaven." The house in which he lived was small; he dressed his wife and children plainly; he ate little and chiefly of dried cod; and he gave much to disseminate the gospel. To give became, as it still is in certain places, the index of social position; for in an epoch where blasphemy was punished with death, one's standing in the community depended entirely upon one's financial rating with the recording angel.

But working and saving could not but lead to material prosperity. Gradually the ferocity of the religious passion waned, leaving ingrained the habits of thrift and industry. By 1732 Benjamin Franklin was teaching precisely the same practices

in his *Poor Richard's Almanac* as the bases of worldly success. Early to bed and to rise made a man wealthy, just as it made him physically fit to worship God in his daily life; a penny saved was as good as one earned for any purpose and more easily got; honesty was the best policy, in the eyes of both God and man, in defiance of which you would neither win heaven nor make money. Eventually, indeed, the New Englander looked more to Poor Richard than to Calvin. Thus grew up those qualities which we are accustomed to associate with the New England character, and which are evidenced to-day in the older Bostonians' distaste for personal ostentation. Even where the Ten Commandments did not entirely give place to Dr. Franklin's philosophy, the prosperity engendered by habits of economy and sober living was regarded as directly due to the personal interest and coöperation of Providence.

It was only natural that a Puritan community, which adopted bodily the Mosaic law as its civil and criminal code, forbade the keeping of Christmas and feast days, and visualized God as an avenging Jehovah rather than the Heavenly Father of the Gospels, should have accepted the Old Testament attitude towards wealth as being a mark of the divine favor:

"And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt harken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God. . . . The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy storehouses and in all that thou settest thy hand unto . . . and the Lord shall make thee plenteous in goods, in the fruit of thy body and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground, in the land which the Lord swore unto thy fathers to give thee." (Deut. 28: 1-11.)

But, of course, in every age mankind has always viewed with respect those whose hardihood, brains, or skill have resulted in the accumulation of capital, and hence of power and authority. Frequently this respect has given the possessor high place in the social or political order. Sometimes these qualities have simultaneously inspired affection as well. At others, particularly if coupled with condescension or arrogance, they have aroused envy. We respect wealth until wealth is made an instrument of abuse or injustice. Then jealousy augments our righteous indignation, and we turn upon the plutocrat and treat him impolitely.

Public sentiment is a highly volatile affair. It is impossible to say just why some multi-millionaires have been popular and others not. The epoch in which they lived, the kind of business they were in, the methods they employed to amass their fortunes, their manners, and their morals, all doubtless had something to do with it; but probably the greatest factor, if the truth were known, has always been the personalities of the men themselves.

The four milestones among what might be called the "millionaires of yesterday," — each of a distinct type and each occupying his own special and peculiar place in public esteem, — were the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, his son William H. Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie, and John D. Rockefeller, the elder, representing progressively an accumulation of one hundred millions, two hundred and fifty millions, five hundred millions, and a thousand millions.

There were few great fortunes before the Civil War. John Jacob Astor, originally a trader in skins and brother of a prosperous and popular butcher, died in 1848 at the age of eighty-five, leaving an estate estimated at twenty millions. There was nothing romantic about the skin and fur business, nor about the subsequent growth of the Astor fortune to colossal proportion due merely to increased values in real estate.

But the drama of Vanderbilt, the Staten Island ferry-man, who stepped from a rowboat into a fleet of mercantile argosies, at one time numbering sixty-six vessels propelled by steam, captured the public imagination. And when in 1854 he built his own ocean-going steamer of 2,500 tons, and took his wife and his sons and daughters, together with their respective wives and husbands, around the world, the English press received him on his arrival in Southampton with enthusiasm, comparing the limited opportunities for individual achievement in England with those offered by democratic America, as personified in the person of the genial Commodore.

America has always been the "land of opportunity." Our children have been, and for that matter still are, furnished with a literary pabulum of poor boys who achieved fame and fortune, or who rose from canal boats or log cabins to the White House. Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger are responsible for a great many wasted lives.



WILLIAM HENRY VANDERBILT

*Who inherited seventy-five millions and left two hundred millions
when he died*

The founder of the Vanderbilt fortune injured nobody with his steamboats, and even when he went into Wall Street and showed that he was as good a man on land as on water, by gaining control in the early 60's first of the Harlem, then of the Hudson, and finally, in 1867, of the New York Central Railroad, nobody thought the less of him. He was in the general opinion a grand old man, and he certainly was one of the handsomest that ever lived. And from nothing, except a pair of oars and a skiff which he rowed himself from Staten Island to the Battery, he amassed a fortune which, when he died in 1877, amounted to nearly a hundred million dollars!

The Vanderbilt story is the best illustration of the possibility afforded by a new country of amassing riches in a comparatively few years by shrewd and assiduous business enterprise. While the success of the first Cornelius was astounding, that of his son William was even more so. Inheriting the bulk of his father's fortune, — seventy-five millions, — he increased it to over two hundred millions before he died in 1885. The public had revered the Commodore in his earlier days and continued to respect him until his death; and on the whole it took pride in William as a sturdy specimen of American business man, although it never gave him entire credit for the truly unusual ability that was his. The Commodore and his son, in a little more than half a century, accumulated the largest private fortune in the world excepting only the combined wealth of the Rothschilds, which had been the result of the most expert financiering in all the capitals of Europe through several generations, with the resources of the greatest monarchs on earth to back their enterprises.

This was the era when the American eagle was screaming loudest, and we hailed these new millionaires as proof positive of the success of our institutions. We took pride in our Vanderbilts, Astors, and the rest, for they showed what we Yankees could do.

The first marked change in the public attitude towards the amassers of great wealth came during the period of expansion after the Civil War, with the appearance in Wall Street of the pirates who juggled Erie and other stocks, — Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, and "Uncle Daniel" Drew, — followed by the Maritime Bank Failure and the exposure of Ferdinand Ward.

It is worth bearing in mind that it was not originally considered respectable to make money by trafficking in bonds and stocks. Gentlemen did not "go into Wall Street." "I recollect the time," writes Henry Clews in that most naïve of autobiographies, *Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street* (1888), "that men in the higher walks of life, and among the higher classes (if I may use the expression in opposition to the opinion of 'The New York Sun' whose editor maintains that we have no classes in this country) would have been ashamed to be seen in Wall Street. Now, men in the same sphere are proud of the distinction, both socially and financially." But by the middle of the century, making money through speculation in corporate securities had lost any stigma from which it may have originally suffered as reaping where one had not sown, and success there became as good an evidence of the favor of Providence as any other fruits of its blessing, — such as abundant crops, a large turnover in dry goods, real estate speculation, or highly profitable ventures in the export or import trade.

Generally speaking, prior to the "Chapter in Erie" it was generally felt that material prosperity indicated the presence in the near family neighborhood, if not of Providence himself, at least of one or more of the more rugged virtues. After the gold panic of '73 and the exposures of stock market rigging no such fanciful idea longer obtained, and it was perceived that a man might accumulate ten or twenty millions and be nothing but the cheapest sort of common crook. Yet the hostility to millionaires was of gradual growth, merging by degrees into an animosity towards mere wealth itself, until the World War destroyed all social and economic continuity.

The "Chapter in Erie" had occurred in 1866, and for the next fifteen years the "Jolly Roger" could be seen flying everywhere on Wall Street, and railroad wrecking, stock jobbing, and "corners" were matters exciting no particular attention.

But there were genuine evils in the actual financing of the railroads themselves, which, when realized, created a grave distrust in the public mind towards corporate enterprise in general, — from which it has suffered, in many cases unjustly, ever since. The root of the trouble lay in the fact that a corporation was not a human being. In earlier eras it really was heartless

and conscienceless, and being merely a machine for making money, was without pride, shame, or sense of decency. Nobody in particular was responsible for its actions, for the responsibility was distributed over a score of officers and directors and easily evaded. The phrase, "I supposed it was only an affidavit," seriously made by a corporation head in answer to a question relating to the signing of an unread letter, became famous, and lawyers habitually advised corporations to take chances on doing things which they would not suggest to private clients. There was no ethical restraint, and not much legal restraint either. The old employer had the welfare of his employees at heart; the old corporation had not. In a word, "corporate abuse" was no fiction. It still exists. But the evils to which public attention was at first directed were external rather than internal. The "public" was being injured; the condition of the employee was overlooked or regarded as of comparatively little consequence.

One by one the railroads got into difficulties, and after the panic of 1893 most of them had to be reorganized, — a majority by J. P. Morgan. The Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 was followed in 1890 by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, but neither at the time made serious trouble for big business. Nevertheless it was coming. The handwriting was on the wall.

Meanwhile the national complexion had somewhat changed color owing to the deluge of immigration, made desirable by railroad and construction work generally. These immigrants in many instances brought socialistic doctrines along with them; at any rate they had no inherited regard for wealth or reverence for its owners, or if they had had any originally, the first thing they learned on their arrival at Ellis Island was that they were being oppressed and robbed in a land which they had supposed to be one of opportunity, justice, and freedom.

Municipal politics had always been the most corrupt phase of American life, and the alleged relationship of that corruption to corporate privilege began to be a favorite subject of periodical literature. During the years 1905-6-7 the magazines were filled with muckraking articles.

A lot of it was true, a lot of it pure "bunk." Inefficiency often resembles corruption at first glance. But it was a period of ostentatious extravagance, gorgeous fancy dress balls, licentious

and reckless rich men; "night life" began to be popular; and the uncurtained windows of Sherry's and Delmonico's were a continuing instigation to socialism. It was a bad moment for millionaires. The reformers were in the saddle, the highways full of embryonic Jeremiahs. And there were others — not Jeremiahs — who sought for their own purposes to spread the belief among the working men that "these riches came from your wages." All public office-holders were under a cloud of suspicion, and membership in the U. S. Senate was barely reputable.

In 1901, in the midst of all this excitement about money, J. P. Morgan conceived and gave birth to the Steel Trust, for the successful delivery of which the attendant physician and his associates received a fee of seventy-eight million dollars, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie was observed hurrying from the bedside with a bag containing a quarter of a billion, which he had received as his share of the payment made for the Carnegie Iron Works, the largest amount of money up to that moment ever held in the hands of any single individual.

This was the final phase of the antagonism to great wealth, which crystallized during the Roosevelt administration (1901-8) when the huge profit cleared by Carnegie and the Morgan syndicate became generally known. The stock market boom of 1901, temporarily halted by the quarrel between Harriman on the one hand and Morgan and Hill upon the other, which resulted in the Northern Pacific panic and the two hours' insolvency of Wall Street on May 9, 1901, was followed by the Northern Securities suit in 1902, and the decision of the Court in 1903 declaring that the combination was in violation of the Anti-Trust Act of 1890. Roosevelt went after the "wicked trusts" with a big stick, and pilloried all "malefactors of great wealth"; and Charles Evans Hughes first appeared in the limelight as counsel for the Armstrong Insurance Committee of Investigation in 1905-6, disclosing just enough of the iniquities of the life insurance companies to shake the nation-wide popularity of District Attorney William Travers Jerome of New York County because he could not find any punishments to fit their crimes.

Roosevelt, recognizing an honest chance to throw his hat into the ring, did so as usual; and however softly he might speak, the expression of his face left no doubt in the mind of the sons of toil

that the "vested interests" were their enemies. It was quite true that some sort of transitional adjustment from the archaic economic and social condition to modern requirements was indispensable if not inevitable. There were serious labor troubles, — a "general unrest among the masses of the people." It was not unlikely that Roosevelt's attacks on the judiciary and his impatience with the restraints of the Constitution did not lessen this, — which was in effect an attitude of hostility and suspicion, no less towards those in governmental authority than towards those in financial power.

Yet Roosevelt undoubtedly believed that he was pursuing a middle course between the reactionaries and those who looked with favor on socialism; and whether he wanted to or not he could not have reined in the galloping steeds of public prejudice.

The magazines still teemed after ten years with shameful stories of rich men whose lives were dedicated to lust and liquor. All corporations belonged to the "plunderbund." Millionaires, — to say nothing of multi-millionaires, — were no longer "generously good," but highwaymen and crooks. It is probable that "McClure's" magazine, one of the best ever published from every point of view, had more to do with changing the character of legislation affecting corporations than any other single influence. The most conspicuous private individuals in the campaign of disclosure were Thomas W. Lawson with his *Frenzied Finance* and Ida M. Tarbell, with her famous history of *The Standard Oil Company*.

In 1907 occurred one of the worst panics in financial history. It was at its worst in October and November of that year. The Knickerbocker Trust Company failed on October 22nd, and George Westinghouse's Electric and Manufacturing Company applied for receivers. Currency was quoted at a premium of four and a half per cent, and money on call, when obtainable, rose to 125 per cent. The nightly meetings in Mr. Morgan's library became the centre of interest and of hope. Under his calming influence the situation gradually readjusted itself, and by February, 1908, the panic was over.

In his special message to Congress on January 31, 1908, Roosevelt said, "Everyone must feel the keenest sympathy for the large body of honest business men, of honest investors, of honest



ANDREW CARNEGIE

*Who hurried from the bedside of the new-born Steel Trust with a
quarter of a billion dollars*

wage-earners, who suffer because involved in a crash for which they are in no way responsible. At such a time there is a natural tendency on the part of many men to feel gloomy and frightened at the outlook. . . . Our main quarrel is not with the representatives of the interests. They derive their chief power from the great sinister offenders who stand behind them. They are but puppets who move as the strings are pulled. It is not the puppets, but the strong cunning men and the mighty forces working for evil behind and through the puppets with whom we have to deal. *We seek to control law-defying wealth."*

On that day public hostility to capital and to the possessors of great fortunes reached its apex. The attitude of the American people as a whole had changed in less than a life-time from reverence towards wealth to distrust and hatred.

At about this time it first became known that the head of the Standard Oil Company had accumulated a fortune of a *billion* dollars.

Part II will discuss the Rockefellers and Henry Ford

ROMANY RIDDLES

Freedom

EDITH THOMPSON

*What do we want of bed or board,
Of lock or lighted lamp;
What do we want of an acre or two
With the whole wide world for camp?*

*For a bed is not the gift of sleep,
Nor a board the zest of feasts;
A lock shuts out nor death, nor care,
A lamp lights no new easts.*

*For us the far horizons,
Their timeless come and go,
The mystic tents of change and charm,
The stuff of dreams aglow.*

THE DESPAIR OF DEMOCRACY

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

THE problem of democracy is the problem of all government: How to secure a religious education that will make possible the social sublimation of the irrational and instinctive in man; how to tap adequate and untainted springs of public information; how to control and to direct capital for the commonweal without destroying its essential character. How to solve this triple dilemma may become the despair of democracy, according to this writer who, as "Woodbine Willie," has endeared himself to the British public.

SOME time ago I was asked to give, on the spur of the moment, a title for a lecture. For a second my mind became a perfect blank, and then suddenly into the blank there swam, — from God, or perhaps Professor Freud, knows where, — the word "Democracy," and immediately following on it another word, "Despair." Those words are strange companions. My mind at the moment was in an ideal state

for an experiment in free word association, which is supposed to reveal the content of the unconscious, and the surprising result of the experiment gives one food for thought. Somewhere, deep down, Democracy is associated with Despair. I don't like this association. I have always prided myself on being a staunch Democrat, — using that word of course in its proper and not in its American political sense, the exact significance of which is hidden from me, as from all Englishmen, behind a veil of mystery. It may of course be that the association is due to alliteration pure and simple, and signifies no more than that both words begin with "d", always a dangerous letter to make alliterations with. But on the whole there appears to be more in it than that, and the more one ponders over the association the less one likes it. And yet if a like experiment were tried with a large number of fairly thoughtful people in democratic countries I believe it would yield the same result. Everywhere thoughtful people tend to become doubtful, if not despairing, about democracy.

This is all the more surprising and disturbing when it is put into contact with the associations that appear to have surrounded democracy in the Victorian era. As the Dean of St. Paul's remarks, "Herbert Spencer asserts the perfectability of men with an assurance which makes us gasp; Progress is not an accident, but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must

disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." "The ultimate development of the ideal man is certain, as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith. For instance that all men will die." "Always toward perfection is the mighty movement towards a complete development and a more unmixd good."

Talk about ages of faith! Well might it be said of Spencer, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." It beats the Hebrew prophets into a cocked hat, for there was always a condition, always an "if" attached to the glorious visions of the future which they saw, but in the prophet of the nineteenth century the "if" has disappeared, and the result is foreseen as a certainty. The Victorian era was an age of faith. For this there were many reasons, chiefest among which was the progress of science, and the increase of men's power over the material world. Professor Bury's book on the idea of progress makes it fairly clear that the emergence of the gospel of progress was closely connected with the industrial revolution. Disraeli might scoff and declare that "the European talked about progress because by aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which mistakes comfort for civilization." But Disraeli was a heretic in an age of faith. Scientific discovery, industrial revolution, and democracy, together went to make a foundation for faith in human progress. Our fathers had no quiver of a doubt, if we except Malthus who discovered the devil; and, inasmuch as his devil did not get down to business quickly enough, — although Lord knows he was working hard all the time, — he was hurried away and buried in Limbo with all the other cranks. But now Malthus and the devil have risen again, and the great war has shaken the Victorian faith and laid bare its rotten roots. Democracy was still strong enough to take its place among the great words that sent us out to war. During those dreadful years it boomed across the world like the rolling of drums, — along with freedom, honor, justice, and peace, — and took its place among the war cries of mankind. But this very fact that democracy became a war cry tends to shake our faith in it. The heartbreaking discovery which all thinking people have made, — that there is no victory in modern war, that it is always and everywhere under modern conditions a disaster in which the victor is van-

quished, and the vanquished knows no victory, — has driven thoughtful people to suspect all words which can become war cries.

Immediately a man begins to talk glibly about freedom, honor, justice, and peace one begins to suspect a windbag; and the same applies to democracy. All wars, whether they be class wars or international wars, will be just wars, — wars of liberation, wars for peace, wars to make the world safe for democracy. All the great words have this in common: they defy definition. They defy definition because they reach down beneath our critical faculties and elicit a response from our deepest instincts and impulses. Therein lies their power. They go down to the irrational roots of human nature and take to themselves all the power of primitive passion.

Take the famous definition of democracy, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." What does it mean? What form of government does it depict? All government must be government of the people, for there is no one else to govern. All government claims to be for the people. Mussolini, Lenin, and the Sultan of Turkey would all claim to govern for the people just as earnestly as Calvin Coolidge or Ramsay MacDonald; and no government can really be government by the people unless indeed we are prepared to define democracy, as it has been defined, as "an optimistic belief in the power of an unfettered mob to govern itself." But that is not really a definition; it is a last cry for help. The truth about the great definition is that it is merely fanfare of trumpets and a rolling of drums. It is the refrain of a primitive war song, an appeal to the insurgent life of humanity seeking expression. It stirs the blood and nerves the arm to fight. It does everything but define a form of government. Perhaps the best definition of democracy that has ever been given is that of Mazzini, "The progress of all, through all, under the leadership of the wisest and the best." That is a really fine definition, only unfortunately, in so far as it defines a form of government, it defines an aristocracy, and it leaves us with the heart-rending and brain-breaking task of discovering the wisest and the best. If we are unconquerable optimists we can believe that our present method of election provides us infallibly with the wisest and the best. But it is a greater test of faith than the dogma

of papal infallibility, which at any rate has a rationally consistent metaphysic behind it.

There is an uncomfortable amount of truth behind the cynical saying of England's gloomy Dean, that "the practice and theory of government in these days is divided between sociologists who have knowledge and no power and politicians who have power and no knowledge." Everywhere in this country, in my own, and in France I discover a distrust of politicians; and yet if a country really distrusts its politicians and has no faith in political methods, is it not, consciously or unconsciously, standing on the brink of despair? We sneer at politicians, and yet most of us are uncomfortably conscious of a doubt as to whether, — if we were in their position, with one eye on a difficult political problem and the other upon a heterogeneous conglomeration of conflicting and irrational interests, — we would be able to do very much better.

It is not without grave reason that democracy has come to company with despair, but it is a sorry sight to see. Despair is the political sin against the Holy Ghost, the one thing that cannot be forgiven to a great people either in this world or the next. Submission to despair is, for a government, the direct road to damnation. An optimist may be a fool, but a cynic is a damned fool, and anything is better than a government of damned fools. The truth is that the problems of democracy are just different forms of the eternal problems of government, and they are a challenge to our manhood. They are problems, and a problem exists to be solved. But the first necessity for a solution is the frank recognition of any fallacies that underlie our current methods of thought and action, a remorseless examination of our unexamined presuppositions. I believe that such an examination would reveal to us the fact that our current thought about democracy and our current practice of it are founded upon three intolerable fallacies.

The first is that men are naturally rational beings. A hundred years ago, as Wallas remarks in *The Great Society*, "professors and schoolmasters taught that men were completely rational, and that the other animals were completely instinctive." The word instinct does not occur in the enormous index to the collective works of Jeremy Bentham. From this untenable position

experience and research have routed us in disorder. Experience first, — for if the history of the last ten years is to be read as the life story of completely rational beings, then, either the word rational loses all meaning, or else history becomes an intolerable enigma; we have behaved like savage beasts. And research confirms experience, — psychological discovery has made it abundantly clear that we are born with a very powerful impulsive and instinctive nature, and this nature has much more to do with our behavior and our intellectual judgment than we like to admit to ourselves.

The popular idea is that men act upon reason and women act upon impulse. The truth is that men act upon impulse and discover an elaborate reason for it afterwards, while women act upon impulse and don't bother about the reason at all. Our current theories of democracy assume that any man is capable of coming to a rational decision upon any and every question that is submitted to him, and this is an intolerable fallacy. We are not born rational. We are born reasoning, which is a very different thing. The really important part about an argument is not the consistency of the syllogism but the validity of the premises. It is fairly easy to be rational upon a subject which does not involve the emotions, but those unfortunately are the least important subjects, being mainly concerned with abstract sciences. Really important subjects, especially political subjects, do involve the emotions, and it is not easy but extremely difficult to form a really rational judgment upon such live issues.

Rationality, in the case of questions involving the emotions, entails not merely a synthesis and harmonization of experiences, but a synthesis and sublimation of the impulses and instincts about which our experiences inevitably tend to group themselves. Such a synthesis of the impulsive nature can only be made by means of a sublime and adequate religion. We talk loosely of the religious instinct, but religion is not so much an instinct as a synthesis and sublimation of all the instincts. This synthesis is the first condition of rationality. It is for this reason that rationality must have a religious basis; unless it has, our syllogisms will be logically self-consistent, but our premises will be founded upon prejudices and unsublimated impulses. This makes rational conference impossible. There is only the possibility of con-

flict, and the issue of that is not the solution of a problem, but the production of a compromise which solves nothing and satisfies nobody.

We are then faced with the fact that, inasmuch as democracy is only possible in so far as men are rational, and rationality is only possible in so far as men are religious, therefore the great necessity for democracy is a true religion, which is precisely what our present democracies imagine they can dispense with. That very bald argument will bear a lot of thinking about.

The second intolerable fallacy is that we ordinary people are able to get at true facts on which to base our decisions upon the many difficult questions of a political nature that are submitted to us. This is obviously untrue. The main source of our facts is the public press, and the facts which it professes to give us are difficult to collect and difficult to set forth with due balance and proportion. They are dependent for their veracity upon reporters and editors who depend for their living upon advertisements, which depend upon the interest of the public, which depends upon God knows what.

Our position with regard to the facts reminds me of an occurrence in my own life. A certain friend of mine, who is an uproarious professor of theology, went with me into a public library to read the papers. We took our stand on opposite sides of a tall reading desk, which hid us from one another but left an open space beneath. I finished my paper before he did, and my place was taken by an ancient gentleman with a gray beard and gold spectacles. When my friend had finished and wanted to tell me that he had done so, the method adopted was to take his stick and belabor what he thought were my legs. He responded to a fiction in his own mind, but unfortunately his response was made in the world of fact and immediately created another fiction in the mind of the ancient of days, who conceived of himself as being face to face with a hooligan and not a professor of theology. That is our position as nation to nation and class to class. The ordinary Briton's idea of America, the ordinary German's idea of France, the ordinary Frenchman's idea of Germany are all fictions which bear but little likeness to fact. But the actions which take place in response to these fictions operate and produce effects in a world of facts, with disastrous results. This is

the history of 1914-1924 in a nutshell. It has been a bloody and barbarous comedy of errors. Democracy cannot exist unless it cleanses and clarifies the sources of public information. That, too, will bear a lot of thinking about.

The third intolerable fallacy is that we are governed by politicians. The truth is that we are governed by the holders of money power. Real power has passed out of the hands of kings and potentates and out of the hands of politicians. It has passed into the hands of the banker and the financial ring. The real situation is naked in Germany, where the government is manifestly powerless to control what are called the industrialists, and it is gradually becoming naked in England, where for the first time in history Ramsay MacDonald stands at the head of a government which is not that of the propertied interests. He will, in point of fact, be able to proceed on the path of reform just as far as the City of London will let him, and not one step further.

An American financier informed me the other day that the influence of finance on American politics was practically negligible. Upon this statement the doings of Mr. Fall are an unpleasant commentary. Here are the three great problems of democracy, and they boil down to this: How can we secure real religious education, adequate and untainted supplies of public information, and the democratic control of concentrated capital? Unless we solve those problems democracy, like Pilgrim, will come in its progress to the dungeon of giant despair.

AN AMERICAN FASCISMO

ARTHUR CORNING WHITE

THE Ku Klux Klan is only incidentally an organization for the exploitation of racial and religious bigotry. What binds together its members, with their diverse specific grievances, is the urge of a deep-rooted economic discontent. Its real, though perhaps still unconscious, aim is to secure protection and ascendancy for the middle class in the unending struggle of Capital and Labor. It is an American Fascismo, which, when its real purpose becomes evident, may attract leaders as able as those of its Italian prototype.

a present membership of three million and a potential membership of eight.

But as far as I have been able to discover, no writer has yet seen beneath the surface appearances to the real core of this whole problem. For it is a problem. A very serious problem. To date I have been unable to find more than a superficial exposition of the origin, purpose, and probable destination of this organization, truly anomalous in this age and world of at least theoretical political democracy. The current explanations given for the Klan are in substance as follows: that the Klan is a reaction against foreign radical political propaganda, notably Russian; that it fears the disintegration of the Constitution; that it fears an imminent undesirable Europeanization of America by our alien population; that it fears Rome; that the Jews in the North, the Negroes in the South, the foreigners and Catholics everywhere, are each bent upon the destruction of all institutions dear to the heart of the native-born Anglo-Saxon stock. Well, these *are* factors. To some extent these things *are* responsible for the origin of the Klan. But they are not the main factor. Most decidedly they are not the main factor. They are not the factor which, in the long run, will determine the policy of the organization. To this degree, however, they have significance; they suggest that, though each geographical section of the Klan has its own

THE daily press, the weekly journals of opinion, the more leisurely monthly reviews, for some time past, but never more than at the present moment, have all featured the origins, ambitions, rituals, and heinous practices of the Ku Klux Klan, — our national secret organization of middle class Americans for the ostensible object of preserving the privileges of the native-born through the concerted effort of

pet grievance, the society as a whole comprises a great many people who are somehow dissatisfied with something.

It is, to be sure, the essence of human nature to be dissatisfied. But it is also human nature to be lazy, to refrain from unusual exertion until goaded to it by desperation. Only a general dissatisfaction will drive people to organize themselves for the discovery and application of a remedy.

An American dry goods retailer in Boston, Massachusetts, — a middle class retailer who hates the Catholic municipal administration of his city, — does not join the same society as does the American middle class grocer of Atlanta, Georgia, — who resents the disposition of the local Negroes to ride on the same trolley as himself, — merely because the Boston man sees a common menace in the graft of the Catholics and the insolence of Southern blacks. The Boston retail dry goods man probably hasn't sufficient imagination even to conceive of such a thing. A petty lawyer of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and a second rate dentist of Hackensack, New Jersey, have neither of them any ingenuous faith in the infallibility or even the perfect adequacy of the Federal Constitution. Both these gentlemen voted for woman's suffrage. Both voted for the abolition of rum.

But the Georgia grocer, the Boston dry goods man, the Oklahoma lawyer, the New Jersey dentist, all know this: that taxes are high, that even with Mr. Mellon's proposed reduction they will still be higher than they once were, that rents, clothes, coal, railroad fares, bread, butter, and eggs are high. These men may not be very intelligent. They may be even rather stupid. But they do know that their gross incomes, though considerably larger than they used to be, net a distressingly lower purchasing capacity. They know they can't keep their houses as warm, can't have as good meals, can't take as many trips back home to see the old folks as they used to. Why this condition obtains, whether it is owing to one factor, or several, these men may not be sure; but that they aren't as well off as they used to be, or as they might be now if they had the real handling of things, these men haven't a shadow of a doubt. They mean to do something about it too. Their first step must be to organize with all the millions of others who feel as they do. They join the Ku Klux Klan.

The American middle class is not in the Klan for the ritual

and regalia. All these good people, it is true, are members of other secret societies, harmless in their political and social influence yet affording immense amusement to the members. Woodmen of the World, Red Men, Elks, Eagles, and infinite orders of Knights! It was once my delightful duty to handle publicity and propaganda for these gentlemen, publicity from the newspaper end; and the egregious ritualistic vanity of a High Imperial Chief Arch-Tomahawk of the Universal Order of Amalgamated American Braves, I swear, passeth the comprehension of all sophisticated human understanding. The middle class American man simply adores ritual, regalia, and "hokum." These constitute his greatest social diversion.

But despite all the apparent evidence to the contrary, the middle class American is no fool. Where the cost of living is concerned he never trifles. Never does he permit the ceremonies of his lodge to interfere with his business. George F. Babbitt, as Mr. Sinclair has so engagingly pointed out, lives to sell real estate. Babbitt is a Klansman because he hopes to make more money by being one. Every other Klansman is a Klansman for just this same simple reason. He hopes that in some way, as yet only dimly glimpsed, perhaps scarcely realized, the Klan will bring back the dear old days when income taxes were unknown, when you could ride a hundred miles on a good railroad for a dollar and a half, when coal was five dollars a ton, when you could hire an excellent gardener for twenty cents an hour, and when the cook in the kitchen knew her place and kept it. Oh, the Nineteenth Century was the real Golden Age!

The middle class American himself made nothing out of the Great War. He has seen the grave of his son in France. He has also seen the graves of the sons of many of his friends. He has, seeing these, become thoughtful, — as thoughtful as he is capable of becoming. He knows that the wages of an American railroad brakeman went up to what he considers a perfectly scandalous figure about the time this only son of his was gassed near Cambrai. He knows too that this same railroad brakeman doesn't touch his hat any more, often doesn't even deign to reply when a passenger who has paid a high fare asks him a civil question. If the passenger explains that the ice water in the cooler has all run out, he is told by the brakeman, told in no gentle language,

where, if he doesn't like the service, he may go. This sort of thing never happened in the old days. For a long time the middle class American has mulled all this over in his not surpassingly clear mind. At last he has decided that this can't go on. The organized brakemen, bakers, plumbers, carpenters, street cleaners, and hod carriers don't know their place. Somebody has got to show Labor where it belongs.

Once upon a time, in its childlike, touching way, the American middle class thought the government was going to do this for it. The middle class voted for the late Warren G. Harding. He was going to bring the country back to *Normalcy*. Capital knew that the late Mr. Harding would not bring anything anywhere, for the simple reason that under the conditions nobody on earth could. Capital, doing well, voted the Republican ticket. Labor, intelligent Labor, if there is such a thing, felt it could fight its way under Harding as well as under anyone, and it wanted to keep out foreign competition. It also voted the Republican ticket. The Republicans won.

Nothing has happened.

As far as the middle class American can see, nothing has happened. Wages fell somewhat for a time. Then they gradually began to climb again. There were still strikes and rumors of strikes. Under existing machinery for settling industrial disputes, strikes will continue as the regular order of the day. No matter how strikes were settled, — and generally Labor secured some sort of concession from Capital, — the middle class always lost. If Capital won, production had at least been suspended, and prices went up. If Labor won, the cost of production was increased, and prices went up. Prices were always going up and staying up. And the income of the middle class American never kept pace.

Finally, though dimly, it dawned upon the Boston dry goods man, the Georgia grocer, the Oklahoma lawyer, the New Jersey dentist, that by ballots the good old order could never be restored. It could not be restored this way for the very sufficient reason that the middle class didn't have enough votes to out-vote Labor. It also dawned on these good citizens that, although Labor could out-vote Capital too, Capital, by some subtle devices unintelligible to the middle class, always kept its enviable

position of economic ease and managed partially to satisfy Labor in the bargain. It dawned upon these good citizens that they possessed neither the numerical voting strength of Labor nor the business acumen of Capital. What might the small American merchant, professional man, white-collared clerk, — what might all these people do?

If anyone cares to know what the American middle class is thinking, let him read "The Saturday Evening Post." It prints what the middle class wants to know. "The Saturday Evening Post" recently ran a series of articles all about Fascismo.

The articles told how Italy had suffered from labor troubles; how the socialists and communists and labor unions had frightened the politicians into helpless, hopeless passivity; how the farmer never knew whether his hands would desert at harvest, or the business man whether his consignment of goods might not be lost in a transit system dominated and vitiated by organized Labor; how nobody in Italy, except a few profiteers, was making any money; how the whole country was going broke. Any intelligent man knows, of course, that all this is gospel truth. Some of my own friends, who had bought real estate in Italy and were living there, were glad to sell their property for a song and come home to America. Strike days were more numerous than work days. No man's property was safe. The government had lost its nerve.

Then came Fascismo. Strikes ceased. The socialists shut up. The communists ran away. All the honest people went to work and stuck to their jobs. This Fascismo is a society of business men, a secret society which wears black shirts on parade. It restored order to Italy and prosperity to the middle class, not by the hopeless farce of persuading people to vote it into office, but by marching into Rome and taking office at the muzzles of machine guns and automatic revolvers. Black shirts, business men, and a few machine guns and revolvers! This was all. And this did the trick.

Another periodical the other day published figures to show how a dry goods man, a grocer, a petty lawyer, and a dentist can make money under a Fascist government. It's the middle class that mainly patronizes savings banks, especially in Italy. The increase in bank deposits in Italy for the past year over the

figures for the year before was one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars. To a middle class American dry goods man, grocer, lawyer, dentist, these figures talk. Dollars are what these gentlemen understand best. I do not for a moment believe that the Klan has its origin in Fascismo, but I am sure that the movements are essentially alike in purpose and that the apparent success of Fascismo in realizing its purpose will set the Klan to thinking about ways and means for an American application of the Italian method.

The real enemy of the Klan may be Capital. I am not entirely convinced that this is entirely true. But whether or not it is true, the Klan will never be able to see that it is true. The middle class lives perpetually and ingenuously in the illusion that it will some day save enough money to become capitalist. The cherishing of this illusion is what, I think, primarily differentiates the lower middle class from Labor, which is not thus burdened, — or solaced, as you will. The thing toward which the Klan will direct its attack is the economic chaos resulting from an unregulated conflict between Capital and Labor. Capital, of course, having all the good things of life on its side, — press, political machinery, law, police, and freedom to pass on to the consumer any increase in cost of production and distribution, — while not suffering much from its clashes with Labor, is always content to preserve the present arrangement intact. Capital also realizes better than does Labor the value of having public opinion on its side. Capital, then, generally permits Labor to play the rôle of aggressor, as Labor, to get anything better for itself, inevitably must. It is natural, therefore, that the Klan, characterized by no great perspicacity, should ascribe all economic ills resulting from Capital-Labor disputes, or apparently resulting from them, — for of course economic instability may arise from any one or a multitude of causes, — to the rapaciousness of Labor. Labor starts a row. Labor, therefore, they will reason, is at fault. The Klan will fight Labor.

Already the Klan has entered politics. It controls Oklahoma. Exactly to what extent its success there is attributable to strong-arm methods is a matter of dispute. But that the Klan in the long run will resort to brickbats instead of ballots, or to brickbats as a means of controlling ballots, seems as certain as the sun.

I have no confidence in the Klan's present leaders. They are, — if my induction from their utterances as we read them in the daily press is correct, — perfectly commonplace men: The sort of men who hold office in the American Legion and the Elks. They are good at shaking hands. But once the program of the Klan becomes clear, this program may attract leaders of ability. The possibilities for doing good to the country through this organization are by no means negligible. The possibilities for wrecking the country are not absent. Of this I am sure, that unless the Klan can attract leaders of vision, capacity, and integrity, this organization is likely to run dangerously amuck.

That the Klan has thus far abstained from openly announcing its economic policy and the political means by which it will realize that policy, or try to realize it, is of no consequence whatever. Even now, though the Klan talks little, it is meeting with violent opposition in the liberal press. I myself believe the Klan's economic and political policy has not yet been finally crystallized, but that such a policy as this I have suggested dimly exists in the subconscious minds of its members, I am quite sure. Before long the Klan will come to understand itself better.

Then the fur may fly!



THE TALE OF A COMET

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

IN his office at the Observatory sat a Professor of Astronomy, smoking a cigar and reading the latest news of the universe as set forth in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. The cigar was good, and the journal, though it made no mention of oil or politics, was full of interest. It contained, among other things, a newly computed orbit of Pons-Winnecke's comet.

The Professor was in a tranquil, happy frame of mind. He was pleased with life in general, though, being an astronomer, he was fully aware of the infinitesimal importance of human joys and sorrows compared with the totality of cosmical events.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a sable satellite bearing a card, on which was printed

F. SPENCER SHAW

PERRYVILLE POST

The sunlight faded from the room. The song of an early blue-bird floating through the partly open window grew suddenly harsh. Even the Professor's cigar turned stale.

Being interviewed by the Press is the most harrowing experience that can befall a Professor of Astronomy.

On the last previous occasion he had given his interviewer a few textbook facts about sunspots. Next morning the *Post* published half a column headed

FRECKLES ON THE SUN

Old Sol's Complexion Would Puzzle a
Beauty Doctor

BUT FAMOUS ASTRONOMER SAYS IT WILL HAVE
NO EFFECT ON THE ELECTION

The remarks attributed to the Professor in the subjoined text had put him to bed for a week. After this episode he had announced that he would never submit to another interview.

While Jason, the satellite, awaited his pleasure he reflected. It is easy to refuse to be interviewed. It is not so easy, however, to prevent a newspaper from printing an interview that you didn't give.

The Professor turned to the satellite.

"Jason," he said, "has this man ever been at the Observatory before?"

Jason opined that he had not.

"Very good," said the Professor. "Tell him I have gone to Philadelphia, but that Professor Blatherskite will be glad to talk to him. And show him in."

F. Spencer was ushered in. He was an undersized young man, sandy as to hair and pimply as to skin, recently promoted to the reportorial staff from the Mailing Department. His education had stopped short of the high school, and for that reason he was selected by the City Editor to cover assignments pertaining to scientific events. If he had enjoyed greater educational advantages he might have been considered worthy of something important, such as the stock exchange or the police court.

The moulder of public opinion, speech, and manners announced that he had come to get some dope on the comet. Though couched in American, the remark conveyed its meaning to the Professor's alert mind.

"You are in luck," he said. "If you had talked to Travers, as you intended to, he could not have told you much. He knows hardly anything about comets. In astronomy we are all specialists, more or less. Travers is a moon man, while I, as it happens, have devoted more attention to comets than anybody else in this country. The Pons-Winnecke comet is a particular friend of mine."

"Is it going to hit the earth?" inquired the young man.

"That is not impossible," said the Professor, "though it is highly improbable. According to Dr. Crommelin, of Greenwich Observatory, there is about one chance in 70,000 that we shall come into collision with its head, and one in 4,000 that any part of the comet will touch us."

F. Spencer made a note of this on the back of an envelope. Real reporters never carry note-books.

"And what," continued the interviewer, "will happen if it does?"

"Why as to that," explained the man of science, "I don't think anybody need worry. The earth has several times passed through the tails of comets, and has probably in some cases encountered their heads. Nothing of any consequence happened. The only solid matter in a comet consists of small meteorites, which are mostly concentrated near the head. If we should come very close to Pons-Winnecke's comet next June, and it is not at all certain that we shall, we may be treated to a fine display of meteors."

"What about the poisonous gases in the tail?" urged the reporter.

"They belong," replied the Professor, "to the same category of natural phenomena as the visibility of stars in the daytime from the bottom of a well, the control of the weather by the moon, and the danger of being moon-struck if you sleep in the moonlight."

When his visitor had departed, the Professor drew a breath of relief and reached for the telephone. Calling the office of the *Globe*, — the hated rival of the *Post* in the business of lying about news and circulation, — he requested that a reporter be sent immediately to the Observatory.

When the emissary of the *Globe* arrived, he found a typewritten statement awaiting him.

The following morning Perryville was struck by the comet. In the sprightly style appropriate for predicting cosmic cataclysms the *Post* announced:

COMET WILL HIT EARTH

Solar Plexus Blow Almost a Certainty,
Says Astronomer

MILLIONS OF FIERY METEORS WILL RAIN FROM
THE SKIES

But Science Doubts Danger of Poisonous Gases
in Tail

The narrative published under this heading was a masterpiece of misinformation. Dr. Crommelin's reassuring estimate of one

chance in 70,000 had been neatly inverted, becoming 70,000 chances of a collision against one of escape. As, however, the misquoted authority had mysteriously become Professor Cromwell, of Sandwich Observatory, his reputation was not likely to suffer. Professor Travers, — thanks to his precautionary measures, — escaped mention altogether. The *Post's* reporter claimed to have sat at the feet of a star-gazer whose name might be either Blitherscoot, Blatherscoot, or Blatherscot, according to whether the spelling in the first, third, or tenth paragraph was to be accepted as final.

Let us turn, now, to the contemporaneous issue of the *Perryville Globe* in which we shall find a budget of cometary intelligence equally startling, though of a different tenor. The heading reads:

LUNATIC AT OBSERVATORY

Patient From Eastern Insane Asylum
Poses as Astronomer

"PROFESSOR BLATHERSKITE" TALKS ON COMETS

The text of the story begins as follows:

"Anybody who paid a visit to the Observatory, corner of Tenth and Cedar Streets, about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, might have acquired a great deal of surprising information from a wild-eyed individual calling himself 'Professor Blatherskite,' and posing as a member of the Observatory staff. 'Blatherskite,' whose real name is Simon G. Boggs, escaped early yesterday morning from the Eastern Insane Asylum, where he has been confined for several weeks, having become mentally deranged through brooding over reports in the newspapers of the impending destruction of the earth by Pons-Winnecke's comet.

"Entering the building without being observed, Boggs seated himself at a desk in a temporarily vacant office, where he was subsequently found engaged in 'calculations' in regard to the approaching comet. He announced that he had been appointed 'comet specialist' at the Observatory, and from his rambling remarks there is reason to believe that he actually gave out information, in that capacity, to the representative of a local newspaper!

"Here are some of the remarkable facts about comets in

general and about Pons-Winnecke's comet in particular that the much-amused astronomers at the Observatory gleaned from the 'professor' before he was relieved of his scientific function and reincarcerated in his previous domicile."

The samples of cometary lore recorded in the remainder of the article were the product of Professor Travers's unbridled imagination. Travers is, however, a mere astronomer. Nobody need be surprised, therefore, that these ravings, while bearing a generic resemblance to those published in the *Post*, were considerably less insane.

The most significant facts about this episode remain to be told.

The above-mentioned article in the *Globe* was published on the same page with the advertisements of three phrenologists and six chiropractors.

The one in the *Post* appeared next to a syndicate "feature" entitled "The Daily Horoscope."

Statistics concerning the acreage of timber wantonly cut down every year in this country for the making of newsprint paper are presumably on record. They must be appalling.

WALLS

FREDERICKA BLANKNER

When the walls we beat upon crumble,

We stumble

Through the openings to find

Walls, —

And more walls, — —

Wider, but always walls.

THE HUNTERS

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*The horns! the hunting horns! There's game
afoot,
The bounds are baying, and the chace sweeps off!*

*François is in his carriage, too old now
To ride, but not too old to risk his sacred
neck*

*Folting at desperate speed after the bounds.
He likes some lady to risk her neck too, —
Catherine, his daughter-in-law from Italy,
Is oftenest with him, a girl in her teens,
A suave dark girl with tapering smooth fingers
Who has some reason for disdaining fear.
Here's François lashing on, madly ballooing,
Catherine, balanced and light, meeting his
laugh*

*With her deliberate smile, and all the court
Lathering its mounts hot on the fleeing stag.*

*The horns! the hunting horns! There's game
afoot,
The bounds are baying, and the chace sweeps off!*



*Somewhere ahead, high in her silver saddle,
Diane is riding, Diane dressed all in black,
Her face and neck so white they seem to shine
With a cold light against her widow's garments.
Long, slim, and delicate, with high small breasts
She might be Greek Diane come back to lead
The hunt among the singing of her bounds,
And draw young Henri's heart as the sea follows
The old unchanging moon.*

*The horns! the hunting horns! There's game
afoot,
The bounds are baying, and the chace sweeps off!*

*Well, to each one the gods give his desire, —
François shall see the killing of the stag;
Catherine de Medicis shall be queen of France
(And though his heir die by Italian poison
François will not believe her implicated)
Huntress Diane shall always bear the hoofs
Of Henri's horse close-riding on her own,
And he shall hold the moon within his arms.
Old king, young king, mistress, Italian wife,
Each shall be satisfied till Huntsman Death
Call off his pack of years and make his kill.*

*The horns! the hunting horns! There's game
afoot,
The bounds are baying, and the chace sweeps off.*



YOUTH BY RADIATION

HERMAN RUBIN

LAST May THE FORUM published an interview with Dr. Voronoff, describing his operation for the renewal of youth by surgery. In September, L. Adams Beck called attention to the devolution which might take place in the human stock as a result of the widespread use of this method. In the present article, Dr. Herman Rubin explains the new radi-endocrine treatment which he has used successfully and which is entirely free from the objections raised to rejuvenation by surgery.

public is left hopelessly in the dark.

There has been a great deal of twaddle on the subject from both sides. As was to be expected, the charlatan has been aggressively exploiting his wares, — inviting all to his Fountain of Youth, to sip at the fragrant waters of which means instant renewal of youth at so much a visit. On the other side, leading lights of the medical profession declare that “senescence is just as much of a normal physiological phenomenon as growth,” — to quote from one respected authority. One writer even goes so far as to say that rejuvenation is an utter impossibility, — will *never* be accomplished. When we hear talk like this, we are inclined to lose our respect for the opinions of such writers. The word “impossibility” is not greatly relished among scientific workers. Too many “impossible” things have been accomplished since the Wright Brothers were told that flying was an impossibility. Sensible people want facts, not arm-chair opinions.

What does the word “Rejuvenation” mean? It is to be regretted that the popular interpretation of the term is the restoration of certain sex functions solely. Making the subject a butt for jokes in the daily papers has only enhanced this erroneous conception, — so that men and women of the highest mental type, whose physical bodies are sadly being depleted, are extremely reticent to mention the word “Rejuvenation” even to

THE most violent medical controversy since Semmelweis discovered the principle of antiseptis, — and was roundly persecuted for his pains, — is now raging around the subject of Rejuvenation. The concept that a man or woman can be made young again is emphatically denied by many brilliant thinkers, and just as emphatically affirmed by men equally great. The jury cannot come to any agreement, and the

their intimate friends, for fear of ridicule. It is a pity, because the bodies of these splendid types of American men and women should be kept in good repair to furnish a suitable habitation for their brilliant minds.

If you buy a fine old mansion with excellent architecture and timbers, you do a little repairing here and there, renew the worn-out portions, and so forth. A process of rejuvenation has been effected. The house has been made young again, and its life has been prolonged. The same analogy holds for the human being. As a matter of fact, all medical practice is an attempt to prolong life by restoring injured or worn-out parts. All medication, of many and diversified means, has for its object a rejuvenescence of some of the body functions, — running the gamut from a single cold, to the last stages of disease.

To get at the crux of the rejuvenation problem, we must understand that our body is a collection of cells. Each cell is a separate entity with full powers of individual life. We are what our cells are. When the cells cease to function properly the whole body ceases to function as it should and gets old. Old age is, thus, a "disease" of the cell. It is the cell growing desuete. With this progression of events come the usual concomitants of old age, — senile decay, loss of memory and virile power, wrinkled skin, depletion of muscle tone, and so forth. If we must believe that this condition is natural, — that the cells grow old, and hence we grow old, and that no effort of man can stop this process, — then we must confess that rejuvenation is only a beautiful dream that may be wished for but never attained. If we believe that the body cells can be restored, — can be roused from their lethargy, and made to function actively again, — then we must admit that rejuvenation is a reality.

The problem of rejuvenation, then, is to make the *cells* young again, and thus make the body young once more; for with this come all the evidences and appearances of youth. This means actually arresting the progress of senility, and setting the cells back to a point where they were years before. Can this be done?

The story of the endocrines, — the ductless glands, — is too long to be told here. The substance is that certain glands of the body control all chemistry functioning, — *all cell functioning*. When the cells cease to function properly, and we start to decay,

it is because these ductless or endocrine glands do not function properly. So Voronoff, Steinach, and other surgeons attempted to restore cell-functioning by restoring the endocrine glands to normal activity. The endocrine glands are chiefly the thyroid, pituitary, adrenals, pancreas, and sex gland. They are all connected in a sort of interlocking directorate, so that improvement in the functioning of one will *theoretically* cause a betterment in the others, — and hence a general toning up of all cell activity. It has been taken for granted that the sex gland was the most important member, — the Chairman of the Board, — of the endocrine system, and that rejuvenation could best be affected through this channel. Hence the Voronoff, Steinach, Lydston, Brinkley, and other types of operation. Hence the association of rejuvenation treatment in the public mind with stimulation of sex activity.

These operations have not resulted in true rejuvenation as far as can be ascertained, although many interested in the financial phases of the business have insistently claimed brilliant successes. Some very encouraging results have been obtained, but not of a nature to dignify them with the name "Rejuvenation."

The problem has been attacked from another angle — organotherapy. If the endocrine glands are the controlling factors in old age, — if through a lack of proper functioning of these glands, the body cells become desuete, — if a reinvigoration of these glands would in turn cause a renewal of cell functioning, then rejuvenescence appeared to be merely a matter of supplying the body with extracts of the secretions of these glands from animals or made synthetically. Here scientific research seemed to be getting somewhere. First Takamine produced the secretions of the adrenals, and adrenalin found its way into use. Then came thyroxin, pituitrin, etc., and finally the world was startled by the discovery of *insulin*, — the secretion of the pancreas. Medicine was now armed with new weapons with which to produce rejuvenescence. Here now were the famous *hormones* in abundance to restore cell-life at will.

In numberless specific uses as drugs these glandular extracts have proved a boon to humanity. Their immediate action in the body in many conditions show what a tremendous influence the

endocrine glands must exert in the whole anatomy. But experimentation in thousands of cases has failed to find the Fountain of Youth in organotherapy. Insulin, for example, is of some value in diabetes specifically, but we are a long, long way from duplicating Nature in her use of hormones to effect cell metabolism. However, organotherapy is only in its infancy. No one can prophesy the future. Anything may be expected. At any rate, we have cornered old age and disease generally in the endocrine glands. The whole medical world is in one accord that the secret of all health and sickness, as well as personality, is bound up in a few tiny glands in our body. So the search for true rejuvenation must be centered around our endocrine glands.

To Dr. William J. A. Bailey, an American physicist in the highly technical field of radio activity, the world owes a real debt for his researches in promoting cellular metabolism by means of endocrine gland activation. His work has come the nearest yet to making rejuvenation a reality, and all evidence to date points to a sensible solution of this baffling problem. Dr. Bailey's hypothesis is that there is no such thing as cell creation except from existing cells, — that, therefore, pathological (unhealthy, diseased) cells are the direct production of normal cells. All vital phenomena perceived in cell-life are due directly and entirely to energy in one form or another, — all chemistry activity in the body being but a transfer of energy. Bailey proved that each cell possessed a nucleus that lived on and on, while its structure was being changed constantly, — that the cell depended upon nutrition and energy to perform its many functions which doctors roughly term "Metabolism."

The energy for the cells' activities is supplied by the hormones from the endocrine glands. When these hormones or ferments are not forthcoming in sufficient quantity from the endocrines, then the cell does not get the stimulation it needs, and something happens. The adrenal glands supply a certain type of hormone that is responsible for much of our aggressiveness. If, through constant social, business, or political functions, we drain the adrenals, then some of the cells of the body lose their stimulus, and we get a muscular and mental inefficiency, — popularly known as neurasthenia. A man who is tired from overwork is merely a collection of cells, some of which have used up their

energy and cannot secure ready replacement from the natural sources — the endocrines. The cell loses its ability to operate its own plant. If the endocrines themselves have been drained too deeply and cannot keep up the supply, then the cell must shut down the plant temporarily until the endocrines are replenished, — largely by means of the food eaten.

Dr. Bailey proved that the sex gland was only an ordinary member of the great endocrine chain. Although important enough, no real rejuvenation could be obtained through this single gland. This accounted for the incomplete successes of Voronoff, Steinach, and others. It was found necessary to treat the entire glandular chain, centering efforts on the particular one that was most in need of help. This is just as apt to be the thyroid or adrenal as the sex gland.

Numerous clinical experiences of my own have shown me that the body itself is quite capable of producing an ample supply of hormones, providing we are able to stimulate the endocrine glands to action. In order to accomplish this, Steinach made use of the powerful and dangerous X-Rays; other physicians and surgeons used the equally dangerous radium rays. Neither of these can possibly serve a useful purpose in mild radiation. But Dr. Bailey, with the French physicists, worked out a method for stimulating all the endocrine glands by a special type of radiation.

The general principles of this radiendocrine treatment are simple to understand. Special radioactive elements, chiefly of the thorium family, are placed on pieces of metal superimposed on one another. From the device so constructed, rays, due to the disruption of the atoms of these elements, are constantly being sent forth. When the appliance, known to medical men as the Radiendocrinator, is applied over an endocrine gland the rays penetrate the flesh and set up an ionization in the colloidal structure of the gland. In other words, an electrical field is created there by the radiations. This is the exact type of ionization naturally supplied the cells in health.

The effect of this "electrification," or preferably *ionization* of the cells, is to increase their activities, — to accelerate the chemical processes. This can be beautifully demonstrated with plants which respond promptly to certain rays. Plant cells get their energy to effect chemical changes that result in foliage,

fruits, flowers, etc., from the sun. The animal organism can absorb outside radiation, but normally the physical energy for cellular chemistry activities is the electronic ionization produced in the body itself. This is the same energy that we use in walking, talking, and for every mode of action.

A definite cause of old age and many diseases is found to be a lack of ionization in the endocrines, preventing the cells from creating a proper supply of hormones to be carried to other cellular structure, with the result that the latter become sluggish and refuse to function. These cells become desuete, encysted, and atrophied. By artificially ionizing the endocrine cells, an increased production of hormones is secured, and these hormones travel through the blood stream and reinvigorate the affected cells. When these are quickened to action the whole organism is refreshed, and we are on the road to true rejuvenation.

One or two of my recent cases may be of interest:

A man of sixty-four with acidosis, nervous dyspepsia, and putrefactive intestinal fermentation, lack of memory, and general mental incoördination, marked asthenia, and obesity, became vigorous and robust under this treatment. His stomach and intestinal condition cleaned up, his memory and general mental functioning improved rapidly, he lost twenty-six pounds without change in diet. Within six months he was restored from an apparently hopeless impotence to a marked condition of vitality.

A very elderly lady, who had been a cripple for over twelve years with arthritis deformans with ankylosis, could not raise her arms, and had to be dressed and undressed, was induced to try this harmless treatment. This condition is one of the most baffling a physician has to treat. It is regarded as incurable. Yet within eight months she was able not only to comb her hair, but take pleasure trips alone to various parts of America. From a hopeless cripple to a sightseeing tourist at seventy years of age is quite a transformation.

A very busy woman in New York, whose social activities had brought her at the age of forty-six to a low physical ebb, is one of the most marked examples of true rejuvenation. In spite of the help of the beauty parlor, the wrinkles around her eyes got deeper and more prominent; insomnia overtook her; there was a marked condition of mental and muscular exhaustion; headaches, poor appetite, severe nervousness, the menopause, and a host of other afflictions came upon this splendid type of American woman right in the prime of life. The hand of early senility was pointing threateningly at her. Within a few days after starting the Radiendocrine treatment, her pulse rose from fifty-four, where it had been for two years, to seventy-

six, and we kept it around this point. Her blood pressure was lowered, nerves were quieted; mental acuteness and muscular strength returned, and the wrinkles vanished. There has been a return of catamenial flow.

These cases, I have cited, must be considered typical rather than unique. In my practice, I have had the pleasure of using this newer method of radiation in about three hundred cases, and I have effected true rejuvenescence of cell structure in every case treated. But I claim no credit for these accomplishments. We owe the credit to the scientists in the field of radioactivity, who have made it possible for us to ionize the endocrine glands by radiations that are as acceptable to the cell structure as sunlight to the withering plant.

Of the more than one hundred causes of old age found in the medical books, there is not one cause that cannot be overcome by the radiendocrine treatment. For how long a period life can be extended, no one knows. It is sufficient for the present that, by reinvigorating the cell, we can turn back the hands of time.

THE THYROID GLAND

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

*If you removed my thyroid gland,
I should become an ox,
Without the power to command
A single paradox.*

*The interest I feel in God
Is all my thyroid gland.
My quick inventions quaint and odd,
The glorious works I planned,*

*The splendid sweep my fancy takes
Wide over sea and land,
Also my various mistakes,
Are all my thyroid gland.*

SPORT VERSUS ATHLETICS

ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

INTERCOLLEGIATE athletics have ceased to be amateur sports. Football, especially, has become an organized, commercialized spectacle, in all essentials as professional as big league baseball. The players are amateurs in name only, — automaton who do the bidding of highly paid expert coaches, who play chess with them before spectators who are either disciplined partisans or sightseers at an expensive show. No remedy will be found for this condition until a real desire to effect a change is developed.

AMONG the countless thousands who flock, the nation over, on a bright Saturday of mid-November to witness a "big" football game in some nearby academic town, there must be a few who, in the interval between the halves, ask themselves, What is this amazing spectacle at which they are assisting? How vast a swarming multitude! Special trains by the score pour out their living freight; the roads of a dozen counties overflow their brims with the converging streams of motors; a battalion of special police keeps the crowds in order; countless hawkers stridently recommend stale edibles or "winning colors." And the occasion of it all is that two and twenty college youths are to play a friendly game of ball. While every autumn sets new records of congregated attendance, there is, I think, a steadily growing sense of something not altogether right and normal in the great edifice of organized college athletics of which the "big" game is the crowning pinnacle.

What is wrong? It is certainly no cause for regret that the vigorous youth of our universities likes to play manly games. Heaven forbid the contrary! If, then, I have to speak with scant respect of organized athletics, the reader will please understand from the start that I am no enemy of outdoor games. On the contrary, my chief quarrel with the existing state of organized athletics may be summed up in the fact that it is itself an enemy of healthy play. The very word "athletics" suggests such analogous formations as "mathematics" and "dynamics" and "kinematics"; and the very idea of "organization" belongs to the work-shop rather than the play-field. What purports to be, and should in fact be, play and a game has been bedevilled into a scientific profession. Our national curse of commercialism has laid a coarse and heavy finger on it. If college records show that

football tends to make Jack a dull boy, perhaps the explanation may be that football, as our colleges play it, is all work and no play.

If our college athletes are only technically amateurs, and essentially professionals, something is indeed wrong.

Of professionalism in the narrowly technical sense of the term there is, in our more reputable colleges, little or none at all. The "amateur standing" of the young gentlemen who exhibit their skill for your delectation is jealously guarded by many a taboo. If the college athlete wishes to use the long summer holiday to earn money to pay next year's term-bill, he must be careful that his gainful occupation has no relation to sport. He may sell groceries or safety razors; but he must not sell golf balls or baseball bats. He may tutor a boy in Latin or Algebra, — though the star athlete is not always fitted for this occupation, — but on peril of his amateur soul he must not for hire teach a boy to play tennis.

But if the amateur code forbids that the college athlete be a penny the richer for his mighty punts, it provides that he shall not be a cent the poorer. He pays neither for his railway ticket to Cambridge nor for his football, not even for the clothes in which he plays. If the gate receipts at Soldiers' Field are to amount to some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, should not these things be added to him freely at the hands of the athletic treasury? Of course, in all equity. But if so, why has he not an equal right to some modest percentage of those same gate receipts? *Nefas, nefandum!* He would at once cease to be an amateur! The code permits the one and sternly reprobates the other.

Amateurs they are according to the letter of the code, these sturdy youths of the football squad; but could there be anything less amateur in its real essence than present-day college football? Even the vast assemblage of spectators is professionalized. If you go to a big league baseball game, you know that the players are professionals, and that the whole affair is frankly and avowedly commercial; but you, the spectator, may still be an amateur. When you feel like yelling, your lungs may bellow forth as lustily as you will; when you are disposed for gloomy silence, you may hold your peace with a clear conscience. But at a college football game your enthusiasm is organized. You cheer when you are

ordered to cheer. It is a kindly tyranny to be sure; for the cheer-leader in his uniform of spotless white is a charming and engaging lad, lithe and graceful in his amazing contortions, which combine the sharp energy of a jumping-jack with the gyrations of a whirling dervish. It were sullen and churlish to refuse his blandishments, — and is it not, after all, part of the show? What a mighty frog chorus echoes from the stands, what a deafening “tiger, siss, boom, ah!” Yet it is not exactly spontaneous; and spontaneity is an essential element in the amateur spirit.

The enthusiasm of the undergraduate spectators who fill the sonorous cheering sections has for many weeks before the game been artificially stimulated by an organized system of propaganda. The college daily has solemnly preached to them the duty of being present not only at the minor games, but at daily practice also, that by their presence they may “support” the team. If on a pleasant autumn afternoon they desert the hard seats of the stadium to play a round of golf or a set of tennis, — mere selfish exercise and sport, — it is with the guilty consciousness of a duty left undone. What if through lack of “support” their team should lose the game? Are they fiddling while Rome burns? Shortly before the “big” game they are assembled in a great mass meeting rally, where captain and coaches, — and I fear sometimes even officers of the university itself, — appeal to the emotion of “college spirit” till every last vestige of any just sense of proportion is banished from their adolescent minds.

If the enthusiasm of the spectators is professionalized out of all spontaneity, what of the twice eleven players who are tensely waiting for the snap-back? That they are a pair of disciplined teams instead of merely spontaneous individuals, each on his own, is entirely right. But whence proceeds the discipline? Is it from the quarter-back who sharply calls the signals? Is it from the captain whom they have themselves elected? Only to the smallest possible extent. So far as it is feasible to make them so, they are highly trained automatons executing the will of their coaches. There are dramatic moments, when, with a fumbled ball loose on the field, an individual must use his own quick intelligence and initiative. Something must be left to the judgment of the quarter-back, since the development of radio-telephony has not yet devised a pocket receiving set which shall

keep him in constant touch with the coaches, and since one cannot at every juncture of the game send in a messenger-boy substitute. But as far as possible even the emergencies have been foreseen. As for the broad strategy of the game, it has been laid out in advance by the coaches; and the tactics, — running formations, wing-shifts, forward passes, — have all been studied out and perfected, not by the boys who play, but by the council of elder statesmen who sit, as statesmen always sit, on the side-lines. The intelligence and ingenuity of a highly paid professional coach at Princeton is pitted against the skill of another highly paid professional coach at Cambridge or New Haven. And under this supreme dictator is a small army of lesser coaches; so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is a coach for every one of the eleven players. Head Coach X. is playing chess with Head Coach Y. seated across the white-streaked table, — a very exciting game of chess in which the knights and rooks and bishops, splendidly chiselled pieces though they be, may, through human weakness, fail to carry out the move that has been called.

And the animated chess-men themselves, what do they think about it? They have competed with all that is in their young bodies to “make” the team. They very naturally covet the ephemeral glory they may win; they have been taught to believe that they are “doing something” for Harvard or for Yale or for Stanford, adding to the prestige of those already somewhat eminent seats of higher learning. Here they are in the Bowl, or the Palmer Stadium, the cynosure of a hundred thousand neighboring eyes. It is the “big” game; they have “made” the team. Are they not supremely happy? In the sense of ambition realized, no doubt they are. But the joy of sport, the healthy fun of playing a beautiful game and playing it well, — it is not for them. I have talked to many “varsity” players, and have never found one to whom the football season, or at any rate the closing weeks of it, was not something to be stolidly endured. They hate the daily grind of practice; they lie awake o’ nights with nervous apprehension of the fatal fumble that they may make on the Great Day, before the cloud of accusing witnesses.

And we call it a *game*, and *amateur* sport! For the spectators it is a splendid spectacle and an ecstasy of surging emotion. So, I am told, is the bull-ring at Madrid or Mexico City. So, no doubt,

must have been the gladiatorial games in the great amphitheatre at many a Roman holiday. I would not have these comparisons misunderstood. I have no sympathy with the assertion that football is a "brutalizing" game. You must, I understand, to play it well, feel for the time being a bitter hatred for the man opposite to you; but you must also control that hatred, — and self-control is anything but brutish. It is a rough game, to be sure, but only wholesomely rough; and it is no more dangerous to life and limb than many another activity of generous youth. The game of football as a game is a very fine game. But what you pay your three dollars to see on a crisp November afternoon is not a game, but a commercialized spectacle and an exhibition of highly organized professional skill. Is it any part of the proper function of a university to provide a great public spectacle, the providing of which tends to the complete subordination of proper university interests, not only in the players but in the whole undergraduate body? They do the thing better in Spain.

Is it wholesome that these honest lads should be made a spectacle for the gaping multitude at three dollars a seat, that their pictures should fill all the Sunday supplements, that the quivering ether, — if the physicists still believe in ether, — should be syllabbling their names and blazoning their every move to the "radio fans" of half a continent? They are, moreover, innocent accomplices to a huge hypocrisy, — the pretense that all this is amateur sport. They are amateurs only to the extent that an established code deprives them of any personal share in the profits of this pitiless publicity.

But if the individual player receives no money, the athletic treasury receives a great deal. Gross receipts for the football season of one of the major teams should not fall far short of three hundred thousand dollars. Even after paying a dozen professional coaches and heavy incidental expenses, there is a handsome profit. During the year, the athletic treasury is further enriched by a smaller profit from the baseball team, and by some net income from hockey and basketball. This very considerable income is expended to the last penny on the lavish maintenance of other forms of organized athletics which are not commercially profitable. Besides the crews and the track teams, "varsity" and freshman, there is a bewildering array of minor sports, — swimming

and water-polo, gymnastics, lacrosse, "soccer", golf, and tennis. At one university the number of different sports so organized is seventeen, and the number of separate teams engaged in inter-collegiate contests is nearly forty. There are coaches and trainers to be hired, uniforms and equipment to be provided, and expensive out of town trips to be financed. Less profitably than football, but no less thoroughly, these sports also are professionalized.

What can be done about it? One can think of several things that might be done. One might, for example, push present tendencies to their logical conclusion, drop all pretense of amateur sport and be frankly professional. Every institution of higher learning would then hire the best players it could find, as it now hires the most skilled professional coach. The boundless enthusiasm of the sport-loving alumnus, that must now be held in check, would then have free play. He could range through all the promising athletic material of the country, and of his bounty present to Harvard or Princeton or Yale the best full-back that money will buy. When money payments no longer made a player ineligible, we should hardly debar him because of failure in the class-room. Is it not even now intolerable that every season good football players should be ineligible because they are deficient in their academic studies? Why should they even pretend to be students? If it happens that a university student can play football, the fact that he is a student need not disqualify him for the employment. He may thus earn his way through college, provided of course that he does not let his studies interfere with football. Or if, now and then, an athlete professionally resident in the university town should, through some freak of temperament, care to attend an academic lecture or two at hours which do not interfere with practice, there should be no objection. But from all the impertinences of tests and themes and term examinations the normal athlete would be completely exempt. If after many years of association with a university he should covet such a thing as a degree, he might be made Bachelor of Athletics, *honoris causa*, and thus be able to subscribe himself B.A. The degree of B.A. can already be acquired without a syllable of Latin!

The suggestion is a fruitful one. The university which already

owned a championship football team might become ambitious to attach to itself the heavy-weight boxing champion. Mr. Dempsey, with the honorary degree of B. Pug. in prospect, would not object to staining his gloves a good gory crimson. Why not a university racing stable, with Yale-Princeton meets at Belmont Park?

But enough of the *reductio ad absurdum*! Is there no remedy that one could suggest in sober earnest? One might, of course, stop by faculty decree all intercollegiate contests. This remedy has often been proposed, and was indeed for a time actually adopted by Columbia. But it would be a pity, even in a relatively unimportant realm of things, to add one more to the "Verboten" signs which are coming to be the mark of American civilization. Outright prohibition is usually an unintelligent way of reforming social abuses. If outdoor games are a desirable element in a young man's life, as every one admits, it is a pity to deprive him of the added zest which comes from competition beyond the boundaries of the college playing fields. Only let it be an added zest rather than the one and only incentive.

One can think of a number of remedies more intelligent than outright abolition. One might begin by reducing very materially the number of intercollegiate contests in a given season. During October a dozen Yale teams might play football intramurally, and then in November the best of these teams, or some composite of the best, might meet champion teams similarly chosen at Princeton and at Cambridge. One might curtail, or abolish altogether, the professional coaching system. Suppose, for example, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton should agree to retain the skilled trainer, whose business it is to keep the players in perfect physical trim, but leave to the undergraduates themselves the devising of new formations, the training of recruits, and the strategy of the game. One might charge one dollar instead of three for a seat, and so lessen the implication of commercialism which now pervades football, and the lesser organized sports which are its pensioners. The resultant intercollegiate games would no doubt be less brilliant exhibitions of football skill; but amateurs are usually less skilful than professionals. With such a decrease in technical skill, and the players once more amateurs in fact as well as in name, football might be somewhat

less interesting to sporting editors, be less prominently displayed in the daily press, and so occupy a less exaggerated place in the national consciousness.

But I have scant faith in any program of reform, or in any easy nostrum. What we need is, in theological language, conviction of sin and a change of heart. So long as the university world and its multitudinous patrons prefer the great spectacle of professionalized athletics, there is little use in urging mitigations.

But do they so prefer? So far as one can discover, no one in particular is responsible for the present deformation of college sport. It is not the result of conscious choice, but of blind drifting. The professional coaching system, for example, has become more and more professional, more complicated and highly specialized, by the same processes which turned all Europe into a camp of competitive armaments. If one plays a game, one very naturally wishes to win; and a genuinely amateur team would have small chance to win against a professionally trained rival. So, step by step, each would-be champion meets and goes beyond its rival. The best hope for the recovery of amateur methods lies in some Washington Conference of the great athletic powers.

If the will is there, the way is easy. We may yet have a chance to see amateur sport resume the place in our university life so long usurped by the profession of organized athletics.

AT THE LAST

CAROLYN HALL

*Now when the yellow leaves are falling through sunlight,
Covering the earth with light brittle gold,
Now when the upper air is darkened with bird flight,
The heart that has served you grows cold.*

*Where will you be when the sunlight quietly
Comes to find your body white like the frost,
When all that we have known of you suddenly
Is lost?*

NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

II — *Germany*

BARRETT CLARK

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL recently developed the thesis, stated by Novalis, that comedy arises from among peoples defeated in war. The form of comedy postulated by the philosopher-mystic is not, of course, that which arouses ordinary laughter, but the bitter product of disillusion. As applied to the German people during the past decade, Novalis's words are fundamentally true.

No other people in the world have produced so many new dramatists of a high order during the same period. I am not prepared to define the term "originality," but I will hazard the statement that half a dozen of these young Germans have gone about their business in a thoroughly original way, bringing to their art strikingly novel themes and viewpoints.

It was Walter Hasenclever who told me that he attributed the recent dramatic upheaval to the fact that the war, bringing as it did complete economic and moral stagnation to Germany, at the same time set free a great part of the people from the prohibitions and inhibitions of the past half century. The censorship, in particular, was symbolic of repression, and immediately upon its cessation the intellectuals felt themselves free to tread upon the sacred ground of morality. Religion and patriotism, law and order were seen to be no more than the illusions of the middle classes; they were empty phrases. Since war, the last expedient of the ruling powers, had proved a failure, was not everything that depended upon those powers open to question?

No one who has not lived with the German people during the past six years can realize what it means to discover one's self deprived of the security of state protection. Literature and art were not slow to reflect the horror of the situation. If, said the artists, the very foundations of our lives are proved to have been merely the arbitrary regulations of a few men, what of the fundamentals of art and philosophy, history and tradition? And they proceeded to play havoc with the Ten Commandments, the rules

of art, the discoveries of science, and the records of history. Hence the "crazy" and overpowering art of Georg Grosz, the lugubrious hallucinations of Oskar Kokoschka, the bitter and austere beautiful plays of Toller and Kaiser, Bronnen and Hasenclever.

Hasenclever is a young Jew in the early thirties, who won distinction during the war as a "dangerous" idealist. His pacifistic plays and poems incurred the "displeasure" of the authorities, and at the outbreak of the Revolution he was hailed as a leader. But, — "I saw," he explained to me, "that the Revolution was simply another form of the same brutality that brought about the war, and I refused to wave the red flag." From that day to this he has been hounded by the press and the public. In dire financial straits, he has courageously applied himself to working out a set of technical and psychological problems in dramatic form.

His play *Beyond*, which is to be seen in New York next year, is a drama in five acts and a large number of scenes. To preserve the interest throughout an entire evening with only two characters, above all without the introduction of any sort of plot, is a remarkable feat. Hasenclever has been entirely successful. *Beyond* is an admirable example of compression, of the poet's ability to tell a story by flashes. The action centers about a woman whose husband has just been killed in a railway accident. At the very moment of his death a man, a former friend, makes his way to the wife. The play is concerned with the experiences of the two on the borderland between consciousness and unconsciousness, the spirit of the husband hovering between them. The dramatist has endeavored to embody "soul states" in characters whose very existence as living beings is at every moment highly questionable. Material objects exist throughout only in relation to the thoughts and moods of the man and the woman. Hasenclever's ideas on the subconscious may or may not be of scientific import, but no one who has seen this play performed can entertain a doubt as to his success in putting over his idea. "I am trying," he says, "to discover new dimensions and a new language for the stage." In *Beyond* he has succeeded.

Ernst Toller, whose *Machine-Wreckers* has been produced in London, and whose *Man and the Masses* was recently mounted by the Theater Guild in New York, is superficially a propagandist

playwright. But, unlike those writers who are more interested in convincing than in moving their audiences, he is an artist whose chief concern is with humanity and not with ideas. It is to me a remarkable fact that this young man of thirty, now serving the last months of his five year sentence for high treason, is able to preserve his artistic integrity and the serenity of his vision as a thinker. His earliest plays, of which *The Transformation* is the best, are embodiments of the everlasting quest for beauty and truth. "What I write," Toller once stated, "is not alone the result of mere suffering . . . nor is it alone a protest against the political and industrial orders . . . I struggle out of the fullness of my life . . . I will penetrate the Living in whatever shape it appears . . . for the sake of the spirit." His efforts to arouse the workingman, to destroy the evils of wage-slavery and the capitalistic system are only one part of his quest as an artist; he would not be content to see a dictatorship of the proletariat — does he not imply as much in *Man and the Masses*? — these are but steps in the process to salvation. As an artist he will "plow up" (the expression is his) whatever is dormant, "for the sake of the spirit," which must be free. *The Transformation* is simply a long dream play revealing aspects of man's journey toward the light. *The Machine-Wreckers*, though it is more obviously propagandist in tendency, is only another form of the same quest, — why otherwise would the poet have taken his story from the England of a century ago?

Man and the Masses is an experiment in dramatizing the People, altogether successful, I think. Like Kaiser and Hasenclever, Toller perceives in the modern world little more than the wreck of a false civilization, in which human beings are in mortal danger of total extinction. The monster machine of our capitalistic society is literally crushing man, who has himself erected the ghastly edifice. "What," asks Toller, "can be 'real' in my drama? Only the spiritual breath. There can be no question of 'real' human beings in this poem of the masses. Its very theme precludes any conception of the individual. . . . It is indeed questionable whether personally we exist at all." This "visionary spectacle" of the people versus man came to Toller in its broad outlines while he was undergoing punishment in the dark cell. "In the morning," he writes, "I sat at a table, driven by an inner fever,

and wrote uninterruptedly until my fingers were numb." But the play is not a preachment, it is a poem, a vast chant: "Mass is Necessity. Mass is Guiltless! Man is Guiltless! God is Guilty!" He leaves us questioning: here is no solution of the problem. Toller is not interested in problems, he is an artist.

The quest for light in the darkness of despair, the heartbreaking desire for beauty in the surrounding chaos, — such are the themes that appeal to the young Germans. The life about them is so ugly and devoid of meaning that they are forced to create a beauty of their own. Toller believes that freedom from our machine-civilization is one mode of escape; Hasenclever seems to give up civilization as hopeless, to dream of a future life that shall be somehow different from this.

Georg Kaiser, on the other hand, is the apostle of energy. He believes in fighting civilization with the weapons of civilization. "Energy," he told me, "is the driving force of the world. Without energy there is nothing. Sentiment, pity, romance are only the refuge of the weak, who must inevitably go down. The unfortunate are hindrances. Go out into the world and see what men really are. They are brutal, self-seeking, egotistic, heartless, energetic. It is only through will-power that injustice and stupidity can be done away with."

It is no wonder that the heroes in most of Kaiser's thirty odd plays should be supermen and superwomen driven onward and upward by the force of energy. *From Morn to Midnight*, the only Kaiser play yet performed in America, is an admirable example of this writer's work. The characters, as in *Masses and Mankind*, are simply pawns, nameless beings at the mercy of superior powers. The Cashier who robs the bank is no more responsible for his act than a six months' old baby; he is simply the result of superior forces. The play shows with merciless logic just how these forces operate. It is in Kaiser's magnificent trilogy, *The Coral Charm, Gas I* and *Gas II*, that the man's ideas can best be observed. To witness these plays is to realize the impotence of mere man in the grip of the machine-made systems he has devised for his own ultimate destruction and damnation.

The Billionaire (he, too, like most of Kaiser's men and women, is nameless) has begun life as the son of a workingman who in despair deserts his wife, who kills herself. In time the Billionaire

conquers the factory that has embittered his life. He has found a double, a secretary who so closely resembles him that the two can be distinguished only by means of a small watch charm. To the secretary he leaves all the duties that remind him of his past. The Billionaire has a son and daughter whom he has tried to shield from the horrors of life; but both of them awake to a consciousness of the cost of those material benefits heaped upon them by their father and determine forthwith to devote their lives to the unfortunate. The father, in despair, turns to the secretary, whose childhood has been happy. *He* will become the secretary himself and kill the "Billionaire," "taking over" the secretary's past. He therefore shoots the other, maintaining that he is the secretary. He is arrested, brought to trial, and executed on the evidence of his son who realizes that the factory under the Billionaire's direction can be only a menace to mankind.

In *Gas I* the Billionaire's son has grown to middle-age. Gas has now become the great motive-power of modern industry, and the factory a vast profit-sharing concern, the Son having acted upon his liberal theories. There are no strikes, and the manufacture of gas proceeds on an enormous scale. But, for some unaccountable reason, one day the registers show that the reserve gas is rapidly turning a dark red, and an explosion is imminent. There is a dance in progress within the precincts of the works, and the guests are hurried away, but before everyone can escape the catastrophe occurs. Who is to blame? No one, and yet the blame must be fixed upon someone (the action is in Germany and not America). Everyone has done his duty, and the Engineer proves conclusively that his formulae are exact. Though the men understand this, they demand his dismissal, to which the director is forced ultimately to consent. At a mass meeting of the workers the Engineer, however, appeals to the men, declaring that he will not only leave but kill himself if only they return to their posts in order that the great work may proceed. This evidence of sincerity turns their wrath to admiration, and they call upon him to lead them in the work of reconstruction. Meantime the Billionaire's Son has developed his philosophy beyond that of his men and declares that while the formula was scientifically correct and no human being was therefore to blame for the explosion, another element had not been taken into consideration: the entire system

is wrong. Under the domination of the modern industrial system man is no longer a man, — he is a slave to conditions, to the state, to the lust for gold. He will lead them into the new Canaan. Let us not rebuild our factory, he cries, but rather plow up the land and make it into farms. But the workers are drunk with the desire for gain and heed only the materialistic doctrines of the Engineer. The Billiard's Son then calls in the state troops to defend his property, — the actual land remains his own, — for he refuses to have it desecrated. But the State turns upon the idealist and forces upon everyone the task of immediate reconstruction, for the State needs power, weapons, and ammunition, war looms dark on the horizon. The Billiard's son is temporarily defeated. His daughter at the end comes to him in his last agony. "Tell me," he asks her, "where is *Man*? . . . And when will he understand himself?" "*I will give birth to him,*" replies the girl. Another step forward, a faint glimmer of light.

The new "Man" appears in the next play, *Gas II*, this time as the Billiard Worker. The factory, re-built, is unable to supply the demand for gas occasioned by a great war. The enemy is gradually pressing in from without. Some of the workers want peace, others are for continuing the struggle to the end. Once again, as in *Gas I*, the men are called upon to decide between the materialism of an Engineer and the pacific idealism of the moral leader. And once again the materialist wins the day: he has discovered poison gas. The Billiard Worker is powerless, his appeals to his fellow-workers, begging them to "become men," are scoffed at. In despair he throws a bomb of poison gas into the assembly. Destruction, death, the end — . Then a terrible voice cries out of the confusion: "The Day of Judgment — *Dies Irae*," and the curtain descends.

I know of no modern dramatic work that has better suggested the gigantic spectacle of modern life than this trilogy of Georg Kaiser; certainly no other dramatist has been able to compress within the limits of the theatre so grim a picture of the deadly struggle between man and the forces he has let loose upon himself. Kaiser is bent upon minimizing the importance of the individual in order the more effectively to portray man as an insect. And yet he is not altogether without hope: there is always some idealist ready to be crucified, some woman who will bear a son

to carry on the struggle with that energy which the dramatist believes to lie at the root of all human endeavor.

Very much younger than Kaiser, Arnolt Bronnen has no interest in civilization or the complex problems that arise out of man's conflict with his environment. Bronnen's characters find quite enough within themselves. His few plays are stark studies in human psychology. His widely discussed *Patricide* is one of the most powerful plays I know. The story in itself is as horrible as the *Œdipus* or a case out of Freud: it deals with the struggle of a young boy and his father, and ends with the son's killing his father. Side by side with the father and son motif goes the mother and son theme: the boy is sexually attracted to his mother, until he at last emancipates himself through the murder. His hands stained with blood, he comes forward to his mother with these words (I translate literally from the text):

I have enough of you/ i have enough of everything/ go and bury your
husband you are old/ but i am young/ i dont know you i am free/
nobody before me nobody near me nobody over me father dead/
heaven i spring up to you i fly . . .

i
i flourish

The extreme naturalism of the language, the utterly appalling plot, the ghastly details with which the work is filled, would seem to place *Patricide* definitely outside the pale as a serious work of art. And yet, — well, is Joyce's *Ulysses* altogether an impossible book? Suppose *Ulysses* had been formed by the hand of an artist; imagine its unwieldy bulk reduced and the mass of details arranged into an artistic unit. *Patricide* is very much the sort of thing that Joyce might have done. I confess that in reading the play I was carried away by it, and despite the revolting scenes and the merciless frankness of the playwright I received from the play a sensation not unlike what I feel on reading a Greek drama.

What was the author's intention, in this play as in his others? Why, I asked him, seek his themes in the lowest depths of the human soul? "Beauty," was his answer. There is a beauty in depravity, he maintains, an aesthetic joy in the revelation, — provided it be true and set forth with gusto, — of the darkest spots in the soul. Bronnen cares only for that soul, the darker the better, for out of darkness comes light.

There is madness in this process, a form of hysteria which is only too often reflected in the new school of acting that seems to have originated for the purpose of intensifying the dramatic points in the more extreme examples of new plays. Actors like Granach and Klopfer put into their performances every ounce of physical force at their disposal and tear themselves to tatters. In some cases, — I recall *The Machine-Wreckers* at the Grosses Schauspielhaus, — there is a maniacal grotesqueness given to plays that require sober and restrained production; the hysterical school has, I fear, overdone what was originally a very effective bit of stage business.

Not all the Germans seek light in the darkness: some of them explore for the sake of exploring, and some are frankly unwilling to dig too deep. Rolf Lauckner, whose *Wahnschaffe* is another of those quest-for-light plays I have already referred to, deals in murder and suicide, patricide and vice, but he is clearly an optimist. Berthold Brecht with his *Rumblings in the Night*, on the other hand, resembles Bronnen in his desire to let life speak for itself. Perhaps the most striking example of the best and the worst tendencies in modern German drama are found in the long and complex plays of Fritz von Unruh, a former Prussian officer; his numerous dramatic poems are strange mixtures of Goethe and Homer, Wedekind and Nietzsche. From the work of Paul Kornfeld and Reinhard Goering, Sorge and Johst, and many others it would be possible to adduce curious examples of "quest" plays, of the skilful treatment of old themes in new manners; but without quoting at length from their plays it is impossible to do more than generalize. Most of these men are either dead or no longer writing. It is said that producers will not risk good money on any but old favorites, and even dramatists must live. How Kaiser is able to support his family is a mystery to me; Bronnen is working for the motion pictures; Toller, it is true, is supported by the state, — but he will soon be set free to shift for himself; while Hasenclever, — I am afraid he is still out of a job.

But these youngsters have had their day. Germany has seen her darkest years. Out of her depths came many voices.

*The third article in this series will deal with the
contemporary theatre in France*

LA FOLLETTE AND HIS PLATFORM

IN the November elections the American people will be called upon, not only to choose between three distinct personalities, but also to decide upon principles so basic that they strike at the very roots of the nation's political and economic life. Not since the Reconstruction period that followed the Civil War has there been such an important or significant election. This campaign is a part of the warfare which began with a great preliminary skirmish in 1912, and whose end no man can see. To-day, as in 1912, a strong Third ticket is in the field. In October THE FORUM presented the case of Coolidge versus Davis; in these three articles it concludes its political symposium with a consideration of the merits and the demerits of La Follette and his progressive platform.

I — THE NEED FOR A THIRD PARTY

SENATOR BURTON KENDALL WHEELER

Independent Progressive Candidate for Vice-President

THE time has come when it is necessary to create a new political party in the United States. The patience of the people has been worn out by the broken pledges of the two old parties, both of which are in a state of advanced moral decomposition.

A few weeks ago the Democratic party held its convention in New York. Democrats from the Empire State had a candidate for the presidency in whom they had faith, and him they presented for the nomination. Democrats from other States had a man in whom large numbers of people had equal confidence, and they put forward his name. In case of a stalemate there were numerous other candidates to whom the people were willing to turn. Yet in the end the nomination went to none of these men. Weeks before, the great financial powers had made their selection. They waited until the two principal candidates had worn themselves out. Then they notified the managers of the convention that the candidate would be John W. Davis.

Four years ago a similar farce was gone through in Chicago, on the Republican side. The men who were backed by public confidence, as shown by the votes in the primaries, were gradually

eliminated, and the candidate was selected by a group of representatives of private interests, closeted together in a hotel room, at two o'clock in the morning. The result was Daugherty and Fall and Forbes.

Under the last Democratic administration we had the airplane scandal, the shipbuilding scandal, and the scandal of the Alien Property Custodian's office. During the present Administration these have been succeeded by the oil scandal, the noisome mess in the Department of Justice, the orgy of graft at the expense of disabled service men in The Veterans Bureau, and the scandalous tariff measure whereby billions of dollars of the people's money is commandeered every year by favored groups in control of production. It is little wonder that great masses of the people have become utterly cynical about political pledges. Their cynicism is shown by the fact that at the last presidential election less than fifty per cent of those qualified to vote took the trouble to go to the polls, and the great majority of those who voted merely cast their ballots *against* something. The election day slogan of the American people had become the humiliating negative of: "Turn the rascals out." Up to this year, unfortunately, there was no positive alternative except: "Put the rascals in."

During the present administration flagrant instances of the union of high political place-holders with favored interests have been exposed to the public view. They represent conditions which unfortunately have become not unusual in the United States. Only the exposure is unusual.

After the hand-picked Republican ticket was landed in Washington, Albert Fall was made Secretary of the Interior. Immediately he took steps to get control of the naval oil reserves, which the experts of the Navy Department had declared essential to the future safety of the Nation. He lost no time in handing these over to private interests, which subsequently "loaned" him great sums of money. While this was going on, Mr. Harry Daugherty, who had helped grease the way for the Harding-Coolidge nomination, had taken his post in the Department of Justice. His intimate, Jess Smith, who lived with him, had an office in the Department, and spent his time hobnobbing there with bootleggers, and the subtle agents who passed money for private interests that had run afoul of the law in their relations

with the Government and the helpless public. In the name of the Government a squad of collectors was gathering hush money and blackmail. At the same time, in the Veterans Bureau, hundreds of millions of dollars, appropriated for the care of disabled service men, were being wasted or flung out to the grafters by purchasing real estate from favored interests or individuals at prices far beyond its value, by bestowing building contracts for hospitals to favored bidders on kited estimates, by purchasing supplies at top-notch prices, and reselling them at virtually private sales for hardly enough to cover the book-keeping expenses, and by other time-honored devices.

While these things were going on Mr. Coolidge sat in the Cabinet. He was presiding in the Senate when Senator La Follette called attention to the rape of the people's oil fields, and when Senator La Follette secured the appointment of a committee of investigation. Mr. Coolidge made no effort, as a responsible member of the Cabinet and the Government, to clear up this situation which was calculated to bring the American Government into disrepute. After he became President, he did nothing whatever to aid the committees of the Senate which sought to disclose the corruption and restore decency in our public life. In fact, he and members of his official family issued disparaging statements about the work of investigation, and the machinery of the Department of Justice was used vigorously to hinder and deflect those who were seeking the facts of the orgy of corruption.

Is there any doubt that these conditions cry out for a rigorous house-cleaning? Is there any doubt that the time has come for a new political alignment which will represent the progressive political thought of the country?

We are fortunate in having a man of tried record and unexampled courage to lead this movement. As the dean of the Senate, Robert M. La Follette has been a leader and an inspiration in every measure to promote a better order of human life that has come before the Senate in the last two decades.

For six years, three terms, Robert M. La Follette was Governor of Wisconsin. In that time he made "The Wisconsin Idea" the inspiration for students of Government the world over. He gave the State the best educational system in the country, the best adjusted laws regulating public service corporations, a series of

constructive statutes to assure for the mass of the people decent living and working conditions and control over their elected representatives. James Bryce, the distinguished British historian, author of the standard text book on the American Government, called La Follette's Wisconsin the model State of the Union, and that estimate has been confirmed by other distinguished observers. The fact that at the last election the people of Wisconsin returned Senator La Follette to the Senate by the greatest plurality ever accorded a man for that office is eloquent proof of what his constituents think of him.

Yet candidates Coolidge and Dawes and their henchman have the effrontery to call this most constructive statesman of our day a demagogue. They declare that he is trying to destroy the Constitution,—this man who has done more than any other statesman to inculcate respect for the Constitution. One part of Mr. La Follette's program is to submit to the States a constitutional amendment designed to modify the absolute veto power over legislation which has been usurped by the Supreme Court without warrant in the Constitution. It is this modest proposal which the reactionary politicians seek to use as a red herring to distract attention from the alliance of old-party politicians with those who flaunt the Constitution for private gain, and to distract attention from the most corrupt and venal Administration in American history.

II — LA FOLLETTE'S VINDICATION

ZONA GALE

THE favorite recreation of Republican National Conventions has been rejecting Wisconsin Platforms. In the five great gatherings from 1908-1924, five Badger programs have gone down to defeat in jeers, boos, hisses, and cat-calls. And then, in the intervening years, twenty-seven of these progressive principles enacted by Congress into law. Rejected in 1908 and 1912, the Wisconsin minority platforms were, within eight years, written almost bodily into the Federal statute.

Does this mean that the conventions were wrong and the platforms right? Can it be possible that the pronouncements of a national convention have ever been wrong? It must be that all these twenty-seven laws are bad laws, dangerous laws, menaces to the well-known freedom of the people. Bad or good, they are the laws, and this means virtually that twenty-seven Federal laws enacted since 1908 were virtually written by Robert La Follette. This man, whom the press is so busy with now, is at any rate responsible for twenty-seven laws under which we live the lives that some think La Follette as President would change for the worse.

An analysis of these La Follette platform planks which have now become law should go far to reveal whether we are in such danger. Perhaps it is not that we are in grave danger. Perhaps it is that certain groups and interests are in peril of their lives if any more laws such as these should be sponsored by a President and a progressive Congress.

From the beginning, Senator La Follette has been building one structure; and the planks in these successive platforms have been fitted for the uses of that structure. He has been trying to build for the people a defense from monopoly control over industries and over government. In Wisconsin the drama of his struggle dates from the discovery by the Progressives that the railroads in the State fixed their own valuation on their holdings, and thus virtually decreed their own taxes. His fight for legislation which should fix tax values on railroad property as on any other property, and his success in this, and then his later fight for rate regulation which should prevent the increased taxes being paid by the public in increased railroad rates and transportation charges, — these roused against him some of the powerful interests in the State. These interests controlled the principal newspapers which were filled with the usual editorial invective against the man who was thus tampering with sources of private income, in the interests of the people. They called Senator La Follette a trouble-maker, and he was a trouble-maker for them. But the greatest single service in socialized thinking done for Wisconsin has been done by Senator La Follette. He and the State University have taught its people more of social consciousness than any other agencies in its history.

Now that the drama of the social awakening is slowly transferring itself from various little bodies politic to the nation, to the world, it is easier to see what Senator La Follette stands for, has stood for from the first. Now that England has achieved a Labor government, now that the May elections in France and Germany have challenged ancient abuses of public good by private greed, we are able to see suddenly that these abuses are the selfsame ones which Wisconsin has been combatting for years, through its own progressive legislation, and through its progressive representation in Congress; and, every four years, through those platforms offered to the National Republican conventions for their own, and as regularly repudiated by them because those conventions were controlled by the very interests which Progressive legislation and Senator La Follette are seeking to control.

In 1908 it was Congressman Henry Allen Cooper who presented the minority platform, just as he presented it at Cleveland last June. In June they wondered at his patience and his good humor and his courage. They might have remembered that he had had his hand in for sixteen years.

The rejected planks of 1908 included proposals:

1. To provide for the physical valuation of the railroad property of the country.
2. To exempt labor organizations from the anti-trust laws.
3. To elect Senators by direct vote.
4. To make public campaign contributions and expenditures.
5. To regulate telephone and telegraph rates and services.
6. To create a department of Labor.
7. To extend the existing eight-hour law to all government employees and to all workers, whether employed by contractors or sub-contractors doing work in behalf of the government.
8. To prohibit the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes.
9. To suspend a proposed increase in railroad rates when such increase is challenged by shipper or consumer.
10. To enlarge the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission so that the Commission could institute proceedings upon its own motion.
11. To establish classification of railroads.
12. To create a Tariff Commission.

These are now all enacted into Federal laws. And,

13. The proposal for a general employer's liability act, in so far as Federal jurisdiction extended, was, with a modification of it, included in the regular Republican platforms of 1912 and 1916.

At the 1912 Republican convention, the La Follette delegates again presented their minority report, this time through Walter C. Owen. Nine of its proposals are now Federal laws.

Also, this platform pledged Federal aid to those banks that extended a general preference to strictly commercial as against speculative loans, and a carefully worked-out emergency circulation under control of the government, backed by the proper reserve, and issued only against commercial paper that represented actual transactions. And some of these provisions were incorporated in the Federal Reserve Bank law.

Further, this platform renewed the proposals and pledges of the 1908 platform regarding the limitations of the issuing of injunctions in cases arising out of labor disputes; the creation of a Department of Labor; the physical valuation of railroad properties; publicity and limitation of campaign expenditures; and the direct election of United States Senators.

Then came the 1916 convention, and E. J. Gross of Milwaukee presented the third La Follette platform, favoring:

1. A protective tariff based on difference of labor costs here and abroad, and a non-partisan tariff commission.

2. Development of patents by the Federal Trade Commission for the benefit of the whole people rather than for the strengthening of monopoly.

3. Strict enforcement of the La Follette Seaman's Act and prohibition of ship subsidies.

4. Enactment of legislation promoting the health and safety of workers in industry, workmen's compensation laws, old age and dependents' pensions, strict regulation of the employment of women and children in industry, and coöperation between workers and farmers to distribute products, eliminate waste, and lower living costs.

5. Organization of a national health service.

6. Government manufacture of munitions to eliminate profit in war materials and to put an end to preparedness propaganda.

7. Government-owned coal mines and oil wells on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to supply Navy and other departments.

8. Sur-tax on war incomes to pay cost of preparedness program.

9. Strict neutrality toward European belligerents.

10. Conference of neutral nations to define neutral rights and to promote peace.

11. Creation of an international tribunal to which international questions might be referred.

12. Referendum on war whenever the President should sever diplomatic relations with another country.

13. Denunciation of secret diplomacy.

14. Denunciation of "Dollar Diplomacy" in Mexico and elsewhere.
15. Open hearings and public record of proceedings of Congressional committees.
16. The platform also reaffirmed its endorsement of extension of initiative, referendum, and recall to the Federal Government, and also of woman's suffrage.

The 1916 platform speaks for itself. Of its provisions on international relations which did not become law, Europe as well as America now knows that to have adopted these might have meant the prevention of loss and agony to the whole world.

In 1924, at Cleveland, La Follette had all the Wisconsin delegates but one, and these appeared there with another platform, received in the ancient way by the convention. This platform now stands as the creed of those who expect to support La Follette in this campaign in his independent candidacy, an inevitable candidacy, for President of the United States. To this platform, with its high peak once more a strong voice against private monopoly of the necessities of life — including farmers! — there are added proposals and pledges for: a complete house-cleaning in the Departments of Justice and the Interior; for recovery of the Navy's oil reserves, and all other parts of the public domain, which have been fraudulently transferred to private interests; prosecutions of all officials, corporations, and private citizens that have participated in these transactions; revision of all legislation relating to the public domain; public ownership of the nation's water power and all the nation's resources, including coal, iron, and all other ores, oil and timber lands "in the interest of the people;" repeal of the Esch-Cummings railroad law; and public ownership of the railroads; reduction of Federal taxes, by limiting tax exactions strictly to the requirements of government; particularly by curtailment of the eight hundred million dollars now annually expended in preparation for war, and by the recovery of the hundreds of millions stolen from the Treasury through fraudulent war contracts; denunciation of the Mellon tax plan, and endorsement of a taxation policy relieving moderate incomes; amendment to the Constitution to provide for the election of all Federal judges for fixed terms and by direct vote of the people; drastic reduction of the duties on manufacture provided by the Fordney-McCumber Tariff legislation; the prohibiting of gambling by speculators and profiteers in agricultural

products; the reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and Federal Farm Loan systems; promotion and protection of coöperative enterprises, reduction of freight rates to pre-war basis, on agricultural products and materials of production; abolition of injunction in labor disputes; right of farmers and industrial workers to bargain collectively; adjusted compensation for veterans of the late war, not as a charity but as a right; and that the money for this compensation be raised by taxes laid upon wealth in proportion to its ability to pay, and not by the sales tax which shifts the burden to the poor; a deep water-way from the Great Lakes to the sea; direct nomination and election of the President; extension of the initiative and referendum to the Federal government; and a popular referendum for or against war except in cases of actual invasion; a denunciation of the "degraded foreign policy in recent administrations in the interest of the financial imperialists;" and a pledge of an active foreign policy to bring about a revision of the Versailles treaty in accordance with the terms of the armistice, and to promote firm treaty agreements with all nations to outlaw wars, abolish conscription, reduce land, air, and naval armaments, and guarantee referendum in peace and war. The conclusion of the platform is striking:

"We favor a platform for the Republican party embracing these principles, and a candidate for President whose public record is a guarantee that he is in full accord with them."

When the social and political history of this century is written for America, one of its most dramatic chapters will tell of this Wisconsin platform, hurled five times by La Follette men against the wall of conservative opposition, only to be admitted to the law of the land through twenty-seven Congressional windows; and, at the last, largely offered, with new planks on current issues, to the people in the campaign of 1924.

The whole question is this: How far have the people of the United States kept up with the progressive thinking of the world? Are they abreast of England, of France, of Germany in their present efforts to throw off their monopolies of the necessities of life and the means and instruments of production? Or do they admit that a Labor government has come to England through the voice of the people, to France, and to the new Germany; but that the United States is going to require four more years, — can

it be longer? — to realize that its industries and its government can be controlled to give relief to the majority, who find living such a struggle? In the face of the experience of the world, the question is not, Shall monopoly be abolished? It is, Does the United States see that monopoly must be abolished, or will it consent to be managed in the interests of the few for another administration?

The election of Senator La Follette would not bring a millennium. But after having read through the 1924 platform, there is this to remember:

That every plank of the Wisconsin State platform drawn up while La Follette was Governor was enacted into law before he left the Governor's chair. This fact may have some bearing on the further fact that he was returned to the Senate in his last campaign by the vote of every Wisconsin county save one.

III — THE LA FOLLETTE DELUSION

WASHINGTON PEZET

THERE once was a gentleman in whom the milk of human kindness simply gurgled at the least provocation; he saw a man beating his horse; interfering, he fought the man, killed him, patted the horse tenderly on the nose, and went his way suffused with the emotional satisfaction of a good deed well done; the horse, unaccustomed to liberty, and untrained to forage for himself, died a few days later of starvation.

Let us enact the legislative program of our deluded La Follette-progressives and we will free the many from the rapacity and greed of the few only to have them suffocate under the incubus of their own unintelligence, ignorance, and uncontrolled emotion. Had the gentleman overflowing with the milk of human kindness tackled the abused horse's problem intelligently, he would have done one of three things: either educated the master in kindness and consideration, or the horse in the ability to be self-supporting, or he would have provided the horse with a new master. The real problem of the masses is similar; the present ruling class must be

educated to rule well and wisely, — that is unselfishly, — a new ruling class must be formed, or the masses must be taught to rule themselves.

The La Follettist will immediately insist that he is attempting the third solution: to teach the many to govern themselves. He is doing nothing of the sort. He is destroying the political and economic power of their present rulers and substituting no others. The many cannot govern themselves by means of any political devices ever contrived. And to believe that such political devices can *ever* be contrived is a delusion. The many will govern themselves *only* when each one of them has learned to govern *himself*, — but then we will have anarchy not democracy. Anarchy is the government of all through the government of each one by himself. Anarchy is the ultimate of political evolution on earth. Anarchy is not chaos, as is popularly supposed; it is cosmos. Chaos is what we will have when, through progressive extensions of democracy, we have destroyed responsible government. Democracy, because it is an attempt to bring about the millennium of anarchy by a short cut, is a delusion, — the supreme delusion of our age.

* * *

I claim to be a liberal, — that is, a person open-minded enough to listen without prejudice to the other side. My friends, too, consider themselves liberals; but I find that a majority of these liberal friends dub each other radical or conservative, — not to say Bolshevik and reactionary. In other words, the term liberal is merely the label that both radicals and conservatives apply to themselves.

Mr. Frank Munsey, whose political thinking aloud is not always felicitous, would have us divide politically into two great camps of radicals and conservatives, progressives and stand-patters, — two camps of insane extremists. The most sinister significance of the La Follette movement is that if it should succeed in its ambition to displace one of the major parties, by splitting either or both of them, we would have a country divided politically in two groups, forced by the very exigencies of their situation to emphasize the irrationality present in every human organization.

What are radicals and conservatives? How can a really sane man be either? These are meaningless labels, which we have inherited from Victorian days, — a quaint epoch when a majority of men believed themselves created in the image of a conservative God who had permitted the Devil to make a radical minority, — to test their conservative souls.

To-day we know that evolution is a continuing process, that constant change is the very essence of life. Progress is movement in the direction of a desired end. All of us are progressives, all of us radicals, all of us conservatives. So long as we continue to think in Victorian terms, politics will continue the senseless muddle it is to-day. If we are ever to achieve a rational, a scientific politics we must eschew such terms and learn to apply this criterion: is a proposal constructive, will it conduce to a betterment of conditions, is it in harmony with the development of civilization, is it expedient, practical, — in a word, will it work?

From this point of view let us give a cursory glance at the La Follette platform.

The planks fall in two categories, political and economic, but their purpose is identical: to make democracy, — rule by the many, — really effective; to destroy the power of the present ruling class, and place all political and economic power where, according to democratic theory, it belongs, — with the *whole People*.

For this purpose the La Follette-progressives want the Federal judges elected for limited terms by the people; they want a curb upon the powers of the Supreme Court; they want the President to be chosen by a presidential primary and elected by direct popular vote; they want taxes that will make future accumulations of great wealth impossible and that will wrest power from the present possessors of capital; they want public ownership of railways, telegraphs, telephones, canals, pipe lines, terminals, depots, etc.

* * *

Certain qualities are immanent in the judicial character. The man who would wear the robes of a judge should be of unimpeachable probity; he should have breadth of vision, under-

standing of psychology, a deep insight into the social problems of his day; as a lawyer he should be as able as the best, and always more able than the average, of the lawyers who practise before him; and above all he should stand aloof from all those popular currents of opinion which might color his decisions. To be such a man it is not sufficient for the judge to have such qualities; he must also enjoy the *freedom* and *security* to exercise them. Now to be free and secure, the judge must owe his advancement solely to his own merit. He must be sufficiently well paid to be free from economic anxiety, and he must know that his career cannot be ended except by impeachment for some real offense. Our elected judiciary in the States is notably lacking in these qualities of the judicial character. Perhaps one of the most potent factors in producing the present crime-wave is to be found in the incompetence of our elected judges, in their patent inferiority to the men who practise before them. One of the most eminent lawyers in America told me that our legal procedure, owing to judicial incompetence, had become a game of chess in which victory went to the most skilful player quite regardless of the justice of his cause.

But our La Follette-progressives disregard these things. They would drag our Federal judiciary down to the level of elected States' judges, because, forsooth, the Federal judges, appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, are partial to the upper and moneyed classes. Will the elected judges be any less partial? Is not the judge's partiality when it exists a sign of his common humanity? Are not all of us partial to the money power? Are not the very demagogues who most loudly denounce Big Business, and who ever parade their truculence before the people, the first to cringe and kowtow in the presence of personified wealth and power? Partial to the money power the average man will be so long as money is power.

The remedy for this partiality is not to be found in substituting for the competent, if occasionally partial, judges of the present such incompetents as those lesser men must be who are ever at the beck and call of party and public. The remedy lies in obtaining men so free and secure in office, so great in their persons, that they may rise above all partiality and prejudice. As Chief Justice Marshall once said:

"The judicial department comes home, in its effects, to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he [the judge] should be rendered perfectly and completely independent, *with nothing to influence or control him but God and his conscience?*"

The most insistent demand of the La Follette-progressives is for the abolition or curtailment of the powers of the United States Supreme Court, — and from their viewpoint rightly, for the Court is the corner-stone of our governmental edifice. Where there is a written Constitution, a Supreme Court becomes a necessity; therefore it stands in the way of their desire to destroy our republican institutions and substitute for them a purely parliamentary government, — which, in a country without either an aristocracy or traditions, means legislative incompetence and chaos.

Senator La Follette, who should know better, wants Congress empowered to override what he calls the "veto power of the Supreme Court." It is hard to believe that La Follette has been correctly quoted, hard to believe that any Senator would be so deliberately misleading. As every citizen should know, the Court doesn't veto an act of Congress; it sets it aside if found incompatible with the Constitution. That is altogether different from the presidential veto. Expediency *may* move the President; only the *law* and the *facts* can control the Court.

The primaries have been a failure; why should the presidential primary prove successful? America has produced many great men, but few of them have been Presidents. Direct popular election of the President will not change this state of things for the very good reason that to be elected President a man must be a good candidate, and the qualities that make a man a good candidate do not necessarily, or usually, make him a good President.

Running through the whole La Follette platform and through all the Progressive party's campaign speeches, like a *leit motiv*, is the iterated wail of "down with monopoly." It is a senseless parrot cry, once uttered and now endlessly repeated. Monopoly in many industries has come not by sinister design, but by an inevitable and quite unavoidable economic evolution. These villainous capitalists, whom our radicals dress up in so much majesty, are too often mere puppets dangling grotesquely from the intricate wires of a cosmic marionette show. They have

ridden to their ascendancy astride the huge monster to which science has given birth, without for a moment being in control of its onward rush. Competition is wasteful and self-destructive; private monopoly at best is an awkward stepping-stone to a rational, scientific organization of industry. But our would-be progressives are obstructing and retarding, not giving impetus to, a better social order. Obsessed with the delusion of political democracy and its logical concomitant, industrial democracy, they have spent the greater part of a half-century throwing monkey-wrenches into our economic machinery. Beginning with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, they have continuously attacked symptoms rather than causes, and thus have continually set back the hands of the economic clock.

The great danger of concentrated capital is that it has been, and is, *power without responsibility*. The problem confronting society is to make that power *responsible*. To destroy it is to cut off one's nose to spite one's face! But militant democracy has never understood the problem, — and never will, — because democracy itself is power without responsibility. The few can be made responsible to the many, but a political system that vests power in the many divests itself of all responsibility. Psychologically we are incapable of responsibility to ourselves; and responsibility to each other, such as democracy presupposes, becomes merely an invitation to log-roll responsibility to oblivion and join hands in the exercise of irresponsible power.

Capital may be all the sorts of monster that our radicals allege: heaven forbid that anyone should imagine me a mere apologist for its thousand and one sins of omission and commission. But denounce it as we may, with justice, capital is nevertheless the only, the supreme, agency in existence to-day for securing the continuity of civilization. If real power has passed from government to capital, it is because government has failed utterly in its duty to civilization. Merely to destroy capital, as our radicals threaten, is not to substitute something better for it. At its worst capital may be ruthless and despotic, but at its best it subsidizes science, promotes invention, patronizes art, and makes research possible.

If future accumulations of capital are prevented by legislative

fiat, will a democratic and demagogic government have sense enough to do all the things that are now being done by capital? The record of the past is not reassuring. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, our enlightened government spent only one per cent of its income for civilizing purposes, while it spent ninety-two per cent on wars, past and future; it spends only about six cents per capita per annum on education. In the 131 years between 1789 and 1920, it used only twenty-one and a half per cent of its disbursements for the civil government of the country; in 131 years it has spent only three and a half times more than a single capitalist — Mr. Rockefeller — has spent in only twenty years!

To destroy capital to-day will plunge us backward toward barbarism. Not in the destruction of capitalism, but in the education of the capitalist lies the way of real social reform.

* * *

The intellectual minority is still a gathering of political pariahs, — all dressed up with no place to go. This Third party is not the great constructive party which all true liberals should be looking for. It is not new at all. It is a poor hybrid of very dubious ancestry. It is a *pot-pourri* of undigested discontents. It represents the canny attempt of a wily politician of the old school to capitalize this stew of discontent with an eye to 1928. It is an attempt by the radicals of every hue to be on deck in case one of the major parties blows up during the next four years. Its platform gives articulate voice to the old persistent delusion of democracy, which ever since the eighteenth century has dogged the footsteps of mankind.

By reason of its numerical strength, and its obvious emotional appeal, the Third party challenges the major parties politically and emotionally, but not intellectually. It is as barren as they are, — more so, perhaps, — for at least one of them stands upon a solid basis of sound principle, and the other has for its candidate a man of genuine intellectual attainments. The party of sound principle has sunk to a level of brazen corruption unparalleled in our history, and the party with a real candidate is marred by a streak of naïve, bucolic idealism and by the prattle of many little tongues wagging in empty heads.

Is it not at once ludicrous and pathetic that a people whose achievements in applied science are the wonder of the age are unable, or perhaps unwilling, to apply science to themselves, — to bring their government out of the fog of political mediævalism? Enrolled in the Progressive party are men and women who in their own vocations will take no step forward that is not warranted by scientifically acquired knowledge. Yet these men and women, banding themselves together, embrace phrases, theories, and abstractions in total disregard of the scientific methods which are the basis of their individual professional success. Truly there is matter for an Olympian laugh in this spectacle of a party calling itself progressive which has never thought it necessary to test its theories in the light of the overwhelming knowledge of the age.

And so we approach the greatest crisis in our political history with a third ticket in the field that by its very nature prevents the major parties from leading us away from chaos, — a third ticket which forces them to hug the *status quo* more tightly to their bosoms; which makes them conservative in the narrowest sense of the word; which definitely prevents them from being progressive in the truest sense, — for they cannot be progressive, — that is, constructive, — while emotional destructiveness is organized and militant.



MR. GONEGAGA SAYS AU REVOIR

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE



MR. GONEGAGA seemed to be unusually serious, which was quite becoming in one who had asked for an appointment at such an early hour.

"I am leaving New York to-day," he explained, "to be gone several weeks and therefore, in all probability, I shall be out of America on Election Day."

"Let me congratulate you," for I thought to cheer him up; "you have

assimilated one of the first of American habits."

"I understood that Americans were indifferent," and he smiled in his gentle understanding way, "but I did not know that they left the country."

"No, that's true, they don't exactly leave the country, — they go down on Long Island."

"But I thought the rich had reformed and were taking a great interest in this election."

"They are. They have financed a society to get out a one hundred per cent vote; they have pledged every factory owner to get all his employees to vote (right); and so with the feeling of having done their duty to America they will go to the country on Election Day and play golf while they discuss the superiority of the Oil Interests over the Dry Goods Interests as high bidders for the social favor of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales."

"But I understood that Long Island was very much one hundred per cent American," and Mr. Gonegaga nodded sagely to show that he was becoming familiar with the undercurrents of American politics.

"It is," I replied, "as much as Maine and more than Indiana. It never elects any but Republican assemblymen. In fact the one hundred per cent American movement is so strong from Westbury to Southampton that if it were not for the fact that the Prince of Wales has very wisely announced that he is going around the world for a year, a Restricted Emigration Law would have been necessary to keep the Hundred Per Centers from moving over next spring to England in a body."

"I thought I was beginning to get your political situation straightened out," Gonegaga said moodily, "and then the Prince came;" he sighed despondently. "It's too bad, isn't it?" Mr. Gonegaga was almost tearful. "It will mean trouble for a long time."

"Yes, it is too bad," I assented. "We were moving on so nicely when the Prince had to come and mix things all up. Think how simply and harmoniously we were getting along: the business men and the Methodists were all for Coolidge; the labor people and the Irish and the magazine writers were all for La Follette; and the Jews and the plain people who were not Democrats were for Davis; and while we might not have had an election at least we would have known where we were and what we were."

"And now," said Mr. Gonegaga, shaking his head ominously, "the election will go to the House and there will be no choice? Is not that the probability?"

I studied my strange and inquiring friend carefully for some minutes. There had been times during our conversations in the past several months, and in the intervals when he did not appear, when I had pondered much about him, — times when he had more than puzzled me, and when I had wondered if he was the strange exotic creature that he seemed. Once or twice I had almost come to the suspicion that instead of being a philosophic observer from the Himalayas or wherever it was he was supposed to come from, he might possibly be a western member of the Republican National Committee or a representative of George Moses's Senatorial committee trying to find out how Hiram Johnson was going to vote.

But I brushed aside the thought and determined to be frank to the end. "Mr. Gonegaga," I said solemnly, "you and I shall not meet again until after this election is over, and as our friend-

ship has been a serious one I am going to do what I vowed I should never do again, — I am going to make a prophecy. I am not the seventh son of any son of a gun, but my father was born in Holyoke, Mass., and I'm willing to lay you a little eight to five that there'll be an election, and in order to give you a further opportunity to collect some rupees, if the election does go to the House I'll stake you three to ten that choice will be made before March fourth."

Gonegaga looked at me soulfully. "I understand you," he said; "you wish to bet me. But I cannot 'bet' as you call it," and he shook his head sorrowfully, "I cannot bet, — I see that I would be stung either way."

"Then," I said, "let us part friends. This is my parting prophecy. There will be no stalemate if the choice ever reaches the House of Representatives. For —" I took him into a corner and whispered: "Did you ever drink moonshine?"

"Do people drink moonshine?" he exclaimed.

"In Washington they do. If the election goes to the House you may expect to see one of the most interesting contests ever staged by our great industrial leaders. Already the Administration is looking for a new Prohibition Enforcement officer and to-day, this morning, on the hills of Tennessee and their suburbs, the pot is on the fire and the juice is running from the corn."

"But the contest," said Gonegaga eagerly, "you said there would be a contest."

"I did. Do you think that the Scotch whiskey distillers of East Houston Street are going to let those corn licker sap-heads have everything their own way? At this very hour, probably at this very minute, the honest garage keepers of lower New York are pasting the imported Black and White labels on the denatured alcohol and prune juice that is going to make this Republic sit up, — *Business MUST GO ON!*"

"But," and there came into his eyes a strange look, one that was far from oriental; "but" — and his sapiency made me gasp — "but how about the Overholt Distillery?"

"Mr. Gonegaga," I said, with dignity I hope, as I pushed him toward the door, "that is a matter only to be taken up if the election goes to the Senate."

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

THE ELECTION

IT is Edward Elwell Whiting, I think, who has made the important discovery that, though cats and politics have much in common, there is this difference: "No one has to keep a cat." Just now we must all keep politics; even a pedestrian is permitted to vote. Yet a true pedestrian finds it hard, in this year 1924, to make an irrevocable choice. Those inscrutable gods who devised elections and umpires forbid him to vote with a reservation, or to re-arrange the tickets to his taste. If he is in the "both — and" state of mind proper to a pedestrian, he might conceivably wish to see Coolidge elected President and Davis Vice-President. It sounds fanciful to your machine politician, I know, but think about it a few minutes, if you have time for political philosophy as well as practice, and if you can take a by-path far enough afield to detach yourself from the pretense of parties (now stalled on the highroad).

But as the tickets read, such by-path philosophy seems academic to the practical voter. The polls are all on the highway, and we must keep up the pretense of voting by parties. It is still possible to walk, however, and to observe that excitement over alleged party-issues is confined to the flivver-mind. To be sure, there has not been greater interest in a Presidential election for years, — but, then, there have never been so many flivvers. Really, when you come to think of it, there is less cause for excitement than in most elections of the past, far less cause than in 1896, when the silver-tongued orator nearly persuaded us that you could get something for nothing (though possibly those were not his exact words). For between the two elder parties there is no real principle involved. Both are trying to be liberal, but not too liberal; conservative, but not too conservative; Federal, but not too darned Federal. Their similarity and alleged difference reminds me of the remark of a *maitre d'hôtel* in Athens, from whom I once sought to buy some brandy. As I wished it for medicinal purposes, I thought I had better take the best and so

chose the ten-franc variety, in preference to the eight and the six. "You might as vell tak ze six-franc," said the honest man; "it is all ze same, — zey juste change ze ticket."

Turning to the Third party, you see at once a vast difference, on paper. A difference, some assume, to be viewed with rapture or alarm; in either case with passion, sanguinary or atrabilious. But if you walk, you find it fairly difficult to call certain Third party suggestions *fundamental*. That requires a mental flivver, with the throttle wide open.

Therefore, with no fundamental issues to vote for, we are forced to decide between men. A good many people, to be sure, will vote for La Follette because they expect a millennium, others because they have what our psycho-analytical friends call a rebel-complex; but about as many will vote against him because they have a stand-pat complex. There is a large number, too, who would

*"rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."*

An ignoble philosophy to your romantic dreamer, as well as to your Gadarene swine, but the philosophy most of us practise in our daily life and one which sounds a good deal less ignoble when we call it "common sense."

But there is no real danger in La Follette, except as he may force the election into Congress; and his running mate, Senator Wheeler, has so far offered several good arguments against their candidacy. He does not indicate just what his own virtues may be, except that he is the People's Friend (shades of Marat!), and he evidently rests his case on the pious reflection that he thanks God he is not as one of those, — meaning Coolidge and Davis and the rest of the wicked Wall Street gang. It is as if he should first assert that turkey and sugar-cane are both mince-pie and then should recommend that, because mince-pie may prove poisonous, we might as well take a certified poison and have done with it. I have a feeling that Æsop disposed of his logic some centuries ago. A Coolidge partisan, going by in a flivver, has shouted to me that La Follette is a bottomless opportunist, that if he came from Georgia he would be deserting the Democratic party as he is now leaving the Republican, after using its name

to make political capital in the past. I dare say he is right, but I don't see the need of getting excited over La Follette.

Nor can I get very much excited over Coolidge and Davis, though I realize that I shall have to cast my ballot for one of them. I incline to agree with a farmer who said to me: "Well, I've allus been a Demmicrat, but I don't know as I wunt vote for Coolidge. I kinda like a man who kin pitch his hay without talkin' about it; an' it don't disturb me a whole lot to hear Davis talk about the way Coolidge handles his fork. But I dessay Davis kin pitch hay too when he stops talkin' an' gits daown to work. I misdoubt they're both good men." Furthermore, as a pedestrian voter, I am bound to look for a quadrennium, not a millennium, when I cast my ballot, and so with my short vision I find it difficult to foresee Anti-Christ trodden under foot if my side wins or "one more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels" if the other side wins.

Our real chance for discrimination lies in a choice between Vice-Presidential candidates. That is the chief issue, so far as men are concerned; and I can get almost excited about that. Vice-Presidents, we have come to learn, are important people. If that issue could be kept before the voters, Coolidge with the help of Dawes should poll ten votes to one against Davis with the hindrance of Bryan.

But that issue won't be kept before the voters. People will vote for Coolidge or Davis or La Follette; and from some of the newspaper headlines you might think that Coolidge would have to rest content with Pennsylvania, Vermont, and little Rhody. Yet if these headline makers (perhaps "middle-aged gentlemen in search of excitement as editors") would walk about and listen to the "plain people," instead of reporting the enthusiasms of political managers, they might find, I think, that Coolidge will win virtually the whole section north and east of St. Louis, and that he is likely to win in a large number of the doubtful states of the West and South. N.B. — This isn't a prophecy (don't trust a pedestrian who poses as a prophet); it's just what the majority of plain people are saying. For the plain man and his wife want fundamentally two things. They may care a good deal about foreign relations; they may appreciate some features of the record to which the Democrats point and loathe some features of the record *at* which the Democrats point; they may even indulge

in illusions about Socialism and imagine that the world can be saved by law-makers; — but the only things they care *fundamentally* about are food and a chance to work. Most of them figure that they are more likely to get these things under Coolidge's common-sense government than under any other. They will talk Socialism and Democracy in their parlors; some of the ladies, no doubt, will like to think of an urbane and accomplished gentleman in the White House; — and then on November Fourth the majority will be just unreasonable enough to vote for Coolidge.

The fact is, the Democrats killed themselves in their convention. But the Republicans may commit suicide, too, if they don't look out; a few mistakes can throw the election into Congress. If a mere pedestrian may give advice to a political party, I would remind them of the old Scot who was burying his wife. On a former occasion she had been supposed dead, but, the pall-bearers inadvertently bumping the post of the lych-gate as they entered the church-yard, the old lady had sat up in her coffin, alive and remonstrant. The second time she was supposed dead, the old Scot stepped forward as they were approaching the gate, touched the near pall-bearer on the shoulder, and whispered, "Canny roun' the corner, mon!" Till Election Day the Republicans had better go "canny roun' the corner"; they may wake the old Democratic lady up.

So, if you fare on foot with me, go warily and vote for Dawes. That will elect Coolidge; primarily, it will defeat Bryan and Wheeler. But keep out of those whirring flivvers, with their pretentious excitement. What we ought to get excited about, really, is the necessity of electing a common-sense Congress.

WANTED:

Small farm with comfortable house,
good spring, convenient to railroad

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

*No Sir, we don't belong here in the city
But Jim, he wanted us to sell the farm
So we could be near him and all his folks.
We've tried it, but you can't transplant old trees;
They droop and find no foothold in strange soil,
And Mother feels more homesick for the hills
Than she would feel up there a-missing Jim —
They mean more just because she raised him there.
Somehow we miss each other in this place,
The selves we left behind us on the farm,
The folksy quiet of long winter evenings
That one lamp makes where several spoil it all.
One old base burner and one purring lamp
And us two in that little warm light circle
With all the world and winter at our backs —
That joins us in a way this living can't.
And it's not winter only. All the year
We're busy with existence, not with pastimes
The city makes for people who don't work
Or work so hard they have to be distracted
By songs another sings or others' acting.
At least that is the way it looks to us —
Mother and me — we're too long used to making
The whole of living for ourselves, to change —
We're more contented on the farm together.*

Soundings

A Novel in Seven Instalments — II

ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

NANCY HAWTHORNE lives with her father in Brimble, one of those secluded rural backwaters that still exist in industrialized England. To this spot of quiet beauty, Jim Hawthorne, an artist, came with his young wife more than eighteen years before the story begins. It was a flight from the economic struggle in London to a cottage which is a "poem of bumble-bees . . . and babies!" The baby came — Nancy — but in giving birth to her the mother died. Jim's world crashed and tottered about him; his dream had burst like a bubble in the sun. He left his child with Mrs. Weeks, who, in her own phraseology, "did for the 'Awtbornes," and wandered through Europe and North Africa seeking surcease from pain and remittance of his unending solitude. Eventually his wanderings brought him back to Brimble, where he plunged into work, — driven by the same relentless urge to forget. He became successful.

The child was growing, but the father was only vaguely aware of her existence until one day, when Nancy was eight, he discovered a Personality in his little daughter. Thereafter that budding personality became the passion of his life. He had found a job; he would not permit this child to grow up a slave to traditional beliefs and rules of conduct, — "she shall be honest."

Nancy is eighteen. There is a boy of the village, Fred Collins, known as "Curly," an uncouth rural lout with a streak of poetry in him. He brings Nancy strawberries and other stolen delicacies and places them on her doorstep. They went to school together, and Curly is her devoted slave. He talks with her whenever he can get the opportunity, and always he is in the background, — watching her. One night, after a game of chess with her father, Nancy, wanting exercise, climbs the near-by hill. At the top of the hill she comes upon Curly, who is waiting for just this opportunity. Night after night he has lain in the dark and watched her walk past with her father, unaware of his existence. They speak. Adolescent love grips him. He draws her into his arms, holds her, and kisses her passionately. When she goes limp he thinks her about to yield, but she suddenly upbraids him. . . . She leaves him a beaten yokel. Returning to her father she tells him of the episode. It has been her first contact with sex. She wants this thing straightened out for her: it wasn't Curly's fault; he was "caught up" in the grip of a cyclone. — Some day she tells her father she believes that she will want that cyclone to hit her.

PART ONE

CHAPTER IV

AT eighteen most English girls of the "middle" and "upper" classes have been "finished," if indeed they are not "out." In other words they are already preoccupied with the exciting allurements of young men, — the inevitable sequence to the phase which they passed through at school of having a "crush" on a certain

mistress, of looking up to her as to divinity, and suffering all the agonies of heartbreak when they have to leave her and go home for the holidays. They have learned already to form judgments of their fellows, immature if you will, but none the less harsh. They have assessed themselves, spiritually, socially, and economically. It is all perfectly healthy and normal, perhaps, because part of the system; but it is also perfectly superficial and

obish. All that they have acquired in the way of learning is a smattering of elementary subjects, and a purposely accentuated notion of the fact that they are "ladies." It is a system of carefully cultivated repression and ignorance. No "lady" would ever show her feelings, — except in a perfectly "ladylike" way. To be natural is therefore a heinous offense. Curiosity is an indelicacy, and truth is screened off behind a plethora of multi-colored gauzes. The cultivation of good manners is almost the be-all and end-all of these stultifying scholastic institutions, which mould the female backbone of England, — than which it is impossible to find anything more herd-minded and consequently more completely satisfactory.

Nancy Hawthorne was an entirely different product. Up to the age of about eight she had spoken the language of Mrs. Weeks and the children of the parochial school down the hill in Friar's Icknield, a curious singsong intonation, the local patois. She had learned spelling and multiplication by the choral method, — the whole class of twenty or more little boys and girls chanting aloud in a sort of rhythm: "C-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog . . ." "Four-times-two-are-eight; four-times-three-are-twelve . . ." Any time you are passing a country board school you can hear the hypnotic drone rise and fall in a trill but regulated cadences. You can almost see the teacher, an ill-paid illiterate, keeping time with a hand, her mind a thousand miles from this tedious form of work by which she manages, God knows how, to keep body and soul together. At this stage of her career Nancy had no idea that she was a "lady." She played with the rest of the village children in happy unconcern, a sturdy little red-head, growing up higgledy-piggledy with a lot of other young animals, who bit and scratched and screamed and laughed as occasion demanded.

At home she played around in the kitchen, digging fascinated fingers in Mrs. Week's efforts at pastry, eating all manner of things that she shouldn't have eaten when that lady's back was turned; or she tumbled about the garden and lane, exploring in all directions like an adventurous puppy; or, later, and most wonderful of all, she marched into the workshop and evolved delightful messes on the floor

with bits of paints and an old brush in emulation of the man whose eyes looked at her so speculatively.

She could not remember when that speculation changed and the man came and sat on the floor and played messes with her and she went no more to school. But from that time on she began to take unheard-of liberties with his person, to climb up him and beat his puffed-out cheeks so that they made "'splosions," to ride on his back away out to the other side of the world, where he pulled paper bags out of his pocket and gave her nice things to eat and told her fairy stories and played lions and tigers till she grew tired. And then she would reach out her arms to be picked up and tucked against his woolly waistcoat; and at last she would fall off to sleep to the soothing joggle of his walk and the tunes that he hummed as the twigs snapped beneath his feet on the way home.

She was shown that there was another way of spelling c-a-t, cat, and that when he held her hand the pencil made not only letters and numbers but faces and dragons and brownies and birds. All this time, insensibly her ear was becoming attuned to the different pronunciation. Gradually she sloughed off the broad vowel sounds of Friar's Icknield and Brimble and spoke as her father did.

As she began to read freely and to ask "why" to everything, there began the divergence from the conventional that Jim Hawthorne had planned. He gave her no copybook answers but translated his own explanations into words that she could understand, accustoming her mind to an angle of approach that would have broken all the rules laid down as to curiosity in the schools for the daughters of gentlewomen.

"You and I, child," he said, "are seekers after truth; and as far as within us lies we'll gloss over nothing, but dig down to naked facts and look everything in the face, fairly and squarely." The factors of money, of exchanges, of interdependence, of trade and government, of capital and labor, were in a sense traced right down to the cottage door. Using herself, Mrs. Weeks, and Curly as examples, he opened her imagination to the problem of equal opportunity, of the fanatical pros and cons which for centuries had made the world a battle-ground. He drew pictures

for her of the days before machinery, of the startling results of its invention, of the immensity of good and evil of the resultant factory system which denuded the land and clogged the cities in the name of production.

To the growing girl, whose mind was thus fed, learning was no tedious memorizing of dates, no absorbing of the fetich of class standards. She imbibed information as she breathed and was stimulated to a hundred questions on subjects covering a wider range than most girls of her age had even heard of. It became, too, the bridge by which the lonely man and the young girl found their way to a companionship that was the greatest thing in both their lives. She knew nothing of parties and dancing, nothing of the rough and tumble of a family of brothers and sisters, nothing of the allurements of young men to which other girls of eighteen gave all their waking thoughts.

All her affection went to her father, with whom she spent almost every waking moment of the day. She knew no games except the grown-up ones, golf and chess. Their only other form of recreation was walking, or going off on bicycles, when they explored the bustling little market towns that were dotted over the countryside. On these occasions they put up at inns and ate bread and cheese lunches, listening to drovers and carters and watching the diminutive turmoil of market day. Always they took sketch books and filled pages with the various types of rustic, or sketched in mellow corners of crumbling Norman churches.

The Curly incident, or, more properly, the resulting talk, which lasted until daylight made the lamp superfluous, marked a period in their relationship. Nancy was unconscious of it. She was only dimly aware of its effect upon herself.

Jim Hawthorne, however, was supremely conscious of it. He felt much as a man who, walking with serene confidence in a dark but completely familiar room, suddenly crashes his head against an obstacle whose existence he never even suspected. For the first time the routine of his attitude towards Nancy was in question. He began to analyze it and was amazed at the results, amazed at himself, amazed at the fact that this child should have been able to decoy him so far from

reality. Once, he had given his soul to Nancy, — and she had taken it with her. Now he had given it again to Nancy, — and was afraid. And facing that fear he found it to be born of selfishness, — he was not, as he had planned, giving the rest of an empty life to her, but drawing upon her to make his life a full one again. And so came self-contempt, — for that he was nothing but a creature of his own imagination. He had imagined himself strong aloof, toughened by rough contact, self-sufficient because alone for eight years he had struggled through the slough of despond. In reality he was none of these things. Should Nancy go, he knew that he would be revealed a coward. It was she who was his strength, who had erected the supporting scaffold poles of her young life around the crumbling tower that was his.

"So be it!" he said. "I am what I am, — spiritually speaking no longer the gardener but the plant. Thank God, at least I've seen it in time!"

The village enjoyed a nine days wonder at the total disappearance of Curly. He was . . . and he was not!

Someone, a girl, had seen him on the night of the full moon, — (how did she remember that it was *that* night? Miss Weeks' own business . . . ! Well, — with a giggle and a side glance, — she had been for a bit of a stroll herself . . .), — and he had come down from the Cross as if he were going to a fire. From that time on one had clapped eyes on him.

It remained for Mrs. Weeks to sum up the village comments. "And a good riddance to bad rubbish!" she said.

CHAPTER V

It is generally the first frost that brings such startling color evidence in proof of the fact that the leaves have really begun to turn. What subtle and invisible processes have been at work in preparation for that sudden almost frantic radiance. It is difficult to believe that they are not aware that it is their last chance to prove that they are a link in the endless cycle of nature and, like good gladiators in the final contest, utter a proud *Morituri salutant!*

That Nancy had been aware of these subtle processes of mental growth before

her adventure with Curly is improbable. After all, any gladiatorial cry from her could have been, "Those who are about to live. . . ." The days had succeeded each other in fulness and perfection. There was nothing she would have changed. This first experience had gone deep, however, — so deep that the form of her reaction came, when it did come, as a surprise to herself.

After her talk with her father she stored away perception of a wider reality deep within herself. Immediate anxiety for Curly, on the news of his disappearance, was succeeded first by a feeling of pity for him and the failure he represented. "It seems," she said, "such a frightful thing that one human being can love another and not succeed in firing the other with it. It suggests that there is something wrong with the law of natural selection, or at least that the individual was not obeyed it and is off on a false trail . . . and that's just as sad. If I fell in love and the man didn't care I think I'd die of shame. . . . That's what made Curly run away. Heavens, what an appalling time he must be going through! Can't we do something for him, Dad, send him something?"

Jim shook his head. "In a last analysis," he said, "one can do nothing for anybody else. The paradox of the human animal is that although he is gregarious to the point of self-extinction his inner ego is the loneliest thing in all evolution, — impenetrable, unreachable even. . . . Take yourself and me, for instance. We not only have the association of blood, but of daily, hourly intimacy over a period of years. Yet there is a point in our relationship of mind, of soul, — call it what you will, — beyond which neither of us can pass. The ultimate you is unable to communicate itself to the ultimate me. . . . See what I'm driving at?"

"Not absolutely," said Nancy. "I half see it. Presumably, to be able to express a thing like that, as a conviction, is a part of one's knowledge, only comes by actual experience of the thing itself. . . . But I think you're right about Curly. I wish, for his own sake, he'd picked on any other girl but me. As it is, he's got to live it through for himself. If I began to sympathize actively it would only do more harm than good and get him more

muddled than he is now. . . . I suppose, incidentally, he did a very wise thing in going?" The question was put in all frankness. She didn't know that within her mind it found an answering echo.

"You bet," said Jim. "The lad was too good to be mooning about the village. The army'll bring him out of himself, give him a much fairer perspective on life."

Nancy nodded. The army, as such, meant nothing more than a means to an end. She found it impossible to visualize Curly as a soldier or to define the effect that it would have upon him. She saw it, however, as a definite angle, a milestone, deliberately turned, for better or for worse, as a result of the problem set to Curly at a given moment in his evolution. In a sense he had hurried on, however blindly, from one experience to another. A certain need had arisen in him, and he had made an instinctive gesture, — the army; it was the only way out that his imagination could encompass.

It began to dawn upon her that she, too, was in process of making a gesture, although with her there was, obviously, not the same urgency to respond. Her need was there, even if it was a different one. She became aware of a certain expectancy, a sense, not of impatience, but of a desire to hurry. As she phrased it to herself, "the tempo of Brimble seems to have decreased." On trying to discover what it was towards which she desired to hurry, there seemed to be no answer. She didn't know. What was it she expected? Something . . . else. "And that of course is absolutely childish!" she said. "Dad's perfect. Life's perfect, and yet. . . . What the devil is the matter with me?"

She worked at her painting with the same eagerness, played golf with a joy and a concentration that were, if possible, more pronounced than ever, laughed, sang, and swam. The days still slipped by in fulness and perfection, she told herself; but in the odd moments there returned, with the persistence of a recurring decimal, or, better still, with the relentless rhythm of a lighthouse beam, that new feeling, which expressed itself mentally in the form of an unphrasable query, physically in the form of an excess of activity, a radiance. She was, indeed, ex-

periencing, as she realized later, that ultimate loneliness expounded by her father.

Jim Hawthorne read the signs. "Oh God, it's the swallows ready to go south! . . . Thrice damn that male man! He's busted everything sky high. I'm superannuated, flung into the discard, scrapped! Yesterday I was her world. To-day she's standing on a new horizon, straining to go forward. . . ." He gave a harsh laugh. "She has cut her father's apron strings, — and it hurts just like any other operation! And that isn't wholly an exhibition of egregious ego either. There's an element of pure funk in it. The child may have a good mind and she may be bone honest with herself, but she said, 'I *want* that cyclone to hit me!' One has only to look at her to know that that was a cry from her inmost being, — and my God, she isn't ready! She *can't* be ready! . . ."

For a fortnight there was no outward sign, — unless it was a remark he overheard through the kitchen door. "Weeksie, why aren't there any decent people living here?" To Jim it was significant.

Then came a morning when they were starting round the nine-hole course for the second time.

"Dad, have we got lots and lots of cash?" She picked up her golf bag from the edge of the green, caught the ball which he tossed her, and fell in step with him as they went to the second tee.

Jim laughed. "Compared to Mrs. Weeks, perhaps, we're millionaires. Compared to the Duke of Westminster or Rothschild, we're paupers. Why, old lady?"

Nancy's bag fell with a clatter against the sand box. She teed up, made the preliminary wiggles that cause every non-golfing spectator to think the Royal and Ancient a pastime for morons, and had the boundless satisfaction of watching her ball pitch in the centre of the fairway and run up on to the green. Without a word she slipped her driver back into the bag and drew out the putter.

"Very pretty!" said Jim. "We'll have you giving Cecil Leitch a half one of these days. . . . Let's see. Two hundred and five yards. I think the iron." He made it so, and dropped his ball hole-high to the right of the green.

"Hard luck!" said Nancy. As they stepped out again, shoulder to shoulder,

she answered his question. "I've been thinking that it wouldn't do either of us any harm to go off on a bust. I'm just a bit fed up with Brimble. ('It's come to thought Jim.) You must be, too. We haven't been off anywhere for years, no since you took me to Paris when I was sixteen, — a mere kid! What do you think, Dad? Could we get out of this for a bit? I feel it's cramping our style. You see, nothing ever *happens* here, does it? ('Happens!') thought Jim. 'My God!') Hasn't it got on your nerves? Don't you feel you want shaking up? . . . ('While the world is crumbling!') I do. Just lately it seems to have hit me with a bang. I want to jump out and do things and see what's going on. I want to explore. I don't care whether it's the Zambesi or the Seine. I've got the itch to go! I'd like to go to-day, this afternoon! How about it, Dad? Can we afford it?" She tucked her hand through his arm and looked up at him eagerly.

"Of course we can, child!" He squeezed her hand to his side with his elbow. They had reached the green. Mechanically Jim took out a mashie and dropped his bag. A mashie! What did golf matter any more? What did anything matter? He felt suddenly very old, very tired. He had never stopped before to see how far he had come, and it was such an infinite distance back to the point in the road where he and Nancy had first clasped strong hands. . . . At last now Nancy had actually reached the road. The cycle was about to begin again.

In the preceding fourteen days he had succeeded in making his bow to the inevitable. He proved it now, smiling at her across the green. "Could you start tomorrow morning?"

"Oh, Dad, how priceless! Can you really be ready by then?"

To Jim the exultation in her voice was like a carillon of bells to a man plunging into mourning. "You don't want kneeling halting," he said. "To have me tagging along would be to take Brimble with you. No, old lady, you pack your little bag and sail off into the blue and see what the world looks like through your own eyes."

Nancy gasped. "What . . . alone?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Alone."

Nancy took a deep breath. Then she walked across the green to her father.

their eyes met squarely. She held out her hand. "All right," she said. "I'm game!"

End of Part One

PART TWO

CHAPTER I

The air vibrated with the crash of motor buses, the rumble of enormous box-shaped wagons that had country mud upon their wheels, the staccato clicking of horses' shoes on the cobbles, the throaty "Hue-hue!" of the blue-bloused carters, the pistol crack of their long whips, and the thousand and one other honkings, cries, clatterings, clangings, and swishings that came and went and merged and continued, the sum total of which is the voice of Paris in the morning, — a voice pulsating with energy, tinged in some indelible way with abandon, as though the whole approach to the process of living were the result of a special mental attitude.

Inside the gardens of the Luxembourg it was a moot point whether the children added a shriller note than the sparrows. Many a passing eye, both male and female, took in the English girl, who sat there so quietly but who was drawn by the sound, the movement, the color, and the smell as irresistibly as the tide is drawn by the moon. To her it was a new orchestration. It was wonderful to wake up in the morning and feel it, be part of it, to sniff ecstatically at the fragrance of roasting coffee, to marvel at the perpetual cheeriness of unseen women down in the street, — "*Bonjour, Marie! Ça marche ce matin? . . .*" "*B'en oui, Jeanne, merci! Et toi?*" — and all the while the gurgling of water sluicing down gutters and the wishing of busy brooms.

"There's something special about it," said Nancy. "Brimble's another planet! Even Rome is different. It's more sober . . . more flat. This is so electric that it's an irritant."

"*Fais voir!*" commanded a child voice. A grubby hand reached across her knee and pulled the sketch book. There were two of them. They leaned against her, all warm, as they gazed, big-eyed, at her drawing. The boy was about six, hatless, sturdy, a diminutive sailor with anchors on his collar, his hair, black as ink, cropped close to his head. The girl was at the finger-sucking age. She lisped. Her

brief skirt stood out stiffly like a doll's, and her hair was all fluffed up and fastened with a butterfly bow.

Nancy had been watching them darting about. They were like two dragon-flies who had paused for a moment on the same leaf. In a second they would be gone again. She wanted to keep them. She smiled, and in halting French began to talk, turning over the pages of her book for them.

"Why do you speak so funnily?" asked the boy.

Nancy touched his cheek with her hand. "Because I'm English."

"What is that — English?"

They pressed close, breathing loudly, while Nancy made a lightning sketch of their nurse. In all too short a time their attention was distracted by some other children, and with a whoop they ran off. Was the little pang that she felt one of loneliness? "Perfect darlings!" she said aloud.

"Think so? Oh I don't know. It always seems to me that children are only adorable when they're other people's. They tie one down. You've got to give them everything or nothing. . . . I haven't a nursery mind."

A little startled at this unexpected English contradiction, Nancy turned to look at the girl who had sat down on the bench, — expensively dressed, snub-nosed, about her own age.

The girl went on talking. "I've seen you here three mornings running, and each morning I've wanted to come and tell you that I think you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seem. You're English, obviously. Your complexion says that as loudly as your clothes do. I'm from New York City, and my name's C'nelia. . . . C'nelia Evans. What's yours?"

Nancy gasped. Was it real? What type of creature was this who remarked casually that she "hadn't a nursery mind" and who came up to strangers and told them with amazing enthusiasm that they were beautiful? Was it because she was American? She had the unself-consciousness of the two French babies.

"My name's Hawthorne," she said. "Nancy Hawthorne."

The American girl laughed and edged a little nearer. "You folks always give your last names first, don't you? . . . But

Nancy Hawthorne! Why, it's perfect, — like an old ballad! It makes me see all those neat little fields and those darling little stone cottages. . . . I'm studying for Grand Opera. What are you doing over here?"

She was a joy. Nancy was delighted at the mobility of her face, the alertness of her. Her blue eyes sparkled. Everything moved at once, lips, eyebrows, nostrils, hands, body. She was like the incarnation of radio-activity. Her smile, which seemed to go right across her face, — some of her friends had called it the Great Divide, — was the friendliest, frankest thing she had ever seen. "How delicious she is!" thought Nancy, and then, "Why can't I tell her so instead of just thinking it? She would." But somehow it wouldn't come naturally.

"Grand Opera! Good lord, you must have a marvellous voice to be able to do that."

"My dear, you don't suppose I'll ever get there, do you? Why, a million girls all over the States say they're studying for Grand Opera. It sounds so much more important than just having singing lessons! Most of them are really kidding themselves along anyway. I'm doing it because it's just a wonderful excuse to stay in Paris."

Nancy laughed. "I don't believe you. You're marked out for a prima donna. You *are* one already."

Cornelia Evans clapped her hands. "That's the greatest compliment I've ever had — and from an Englishwoman! Listen, I'm going to call you Nancy Hawthorne because if I can't really sing at least I know music when I hear it. You're studying art aren't you, Nancy Hawthorne?" She reached out and took the sketch book from Nancy's lap.

"More or less," said Nancy. "My father's taught me all my life."

"Why these are exquisite!" cried Cornelia. "Is your father here with you?" There seemed to be a note of anxiety in her voice.

"No," said Nancy. "I'm on my own, having what Dad calls a wander-year."

"What does your mother call it?"

"I haven't a mother," said Nancy.

"Oh!" said Cornelia. Then, with a quick change, "How long have you been wandering?"

"About four months. Some of it in Germany, most of it in Italy. I've only been in Paris about a week."

"So you've got about six more months before you go home," said Cornelia. She leaned forward eagerly, her hand on Nancy's arm. "Nancy Hawthorne, I've got a whale of an idea! I'm staying with my sister. She married a Frenchman, and she's the Countess de Bercy-Mormal, and they've got two children. I thought it might be fun having a Count in the family, but it's awful stuffy, and he's kind of sloppy anyway. The whole thing is too darned domestic. I'm crazy to get out of it. The idea hit me when I saw you three days ago, and this morning I simply couldn't keep it to myself any longer. It's this. Will you share a studio with me? A nice, gargoyle one, high up, where we can give parties and chaperone each other. It won't interfere with your work. What do you say?"

The impulsiveness of this child was all compelling. Nancy was carried off her feet. "It's a perfectly priceless idea!" she said. "But do you really mean it? You don't know who I am . . . or anything. I . . ."

Cornelia's nose wrinkled up delightedly. "You mean that we haven't been properly introduced? I expected something of that sort. My dear, I've not had three English beaux for nothing, — to say nothing of a brother who's at Oxford now. His name's Lloyd, and he's my twin."

"Is he a Rhodes Scholar?" asked Nancy.

"No he's an Anglophile, and that's worse." Cornelia laughed. "He and I roamed around in England last summer for three months, and it was then that I made the discovery that being unconventional with Englishmen is like dragging them out of a prison from which they are only too glad to escape. You must meet Lloyd some day. He's really worth while, I think. . . . Now you wouldn't even have had the nerve to come up and talk to me, but aren't you honestly glad I had? Confess!"

"Yes," said Nancy. "Awfully glad!"

"Then that settles it! That 'awfully' is the nearest you'll ever get to telling me how beautiful I am and how crazy you are about me."

Nancy burst out laughing. "I think you're priceless! . . . When do we go and look for our studio?"

Cornelia jumped up. "Right this minute! . . . But wait. There's just one thing. Didn't I tell you my name?" Nancy nodded. Cornelia waited. Then, after a pause, she linked her arm through Nancy's. "My! but you're a mutton-head. My name's for use, not to remember me by!"

Nancy smiled. "All right, old thing," she said.

CHAPTER II

"Nancy Hawthorne, *where* are my clean shirts? I've looked through every darned drawer in the place!"

The exasperated voice in the bedroom, which made Nancy smile as she laid out the candy in a collection of small dishes in the studio, was punctuated by a series of rams. Then it moved, and as the sentence was finished Cornelia stood in the doorway. She hadn't a stitch of clothing on except for a pair of sheer silk stockings and grotesquely high-heeled gold slippers. At the sight of Nancy in a jade-green evening gown against a background of cream-colored wall, gay chintz hangings and sofa cushions, and two large bowls of blood-red roses, softly lit by many candles, Cornelia's temper, never very long-lived, gave place to a glow of pride.

"Say," she said, "we really have done pretty good job. It looks dandy!" She came into the room and helped herself to salted nut from the table. "It's going to be some party!"

"It certainly will be if they catch you like that!" said Nancy.

Cornelia's nose wrinkled. "Well they will if you don't find me a shirt! I'm through! My clothes are the meanest things. . . . Be an angel and find me one, Nancy. If I have to go hunt again I'll lose my temper, and it'll spoil the evening."

"You're a spoiled child. That's what's the matter." Leaving Cornelia happily eating nuts with her back to the stove which had been allowed to remain because it was 'atmosphere', Nancy disappeared into the bedroom. Within two minutes she found a clean specimen of the missing garment. "Here you are! Now for heaven's sake hurry, C'nelia!"

It was the night of their first party, a house warming. The studio, just below the sharp angle of the Boule Miche and the Rue de Médicis, was up four pair of

stairs. Below their windows was spread the soft green carpet of the Luxembourg gardens. Behind the treetops the broad sweep of sky was punctured by spires and domes, — the twin towers of St. François Xavier, the Invalides, the Tour Eiffel, and many others, — which sprouted above the infinity of housetops in the haphazard manner of all human enterprise.

It was an outlook that gave Nancy unending ecstasy and days of work with pencil and brush that engraved it deep into her memory. Cornelia it inspired with a sense of proprietary pride. "Come, look at our view!" she would say with the air of complacency of one who had had a hand in laying it out; and it was from this basic difference that the two girls set out to explore each other.

One can eat and work for half a lifetime with a fellow human being and the outcome of that communion will be a mutual understanding and sympathy of some depth. Share the same bedroom, however, and wait till the lights are put out, and very soon that understanding seems as nothing. Perhaps the rays of an adjacent street lamp, causing an uncertain luminosity, or the moon pouring a silver pool on the carpet and leaving the rest in super-shadow, are only minor causes, sensuous inducements, to the primary need of self-revelation which responds inevitably to the intimacy of a common sleeping room.

To Nancy it was a discovery. To her, indeed, the whole affair of living had assumed the unbelievable nature of an Arabian Nights Entertainment, and not the least inconceivable part of it was the delight of seeing Cornelia in the opposite bed, — Cornelia who, sprung from the blue, had spread a magic carpet and wafted them both to this new life. The youth in her, diverted for so long, called to Cornelia's. She felt like an explorer who suddenly meets a fellow white man in a land of blacks. There were a million experiences to share, creeds to recite, imaginings to put out like sensitive feelers towards this other youth, in response to an inner dictation, to see where their contacts with life had been the same, had given the same result. She had looked to her father for information. To this other girl she turned for confirmation.

After many nights, when they had

talked into the small hours, she began to find out that Cornelia was a combination of sophistication and ingenuousness. Her experience, ranging from the questionable advantages of an expensive finishing school to the outwearing of the delights of being a courted débutante in New York, followed by several months of comparative freedom in Paris, had made only surface impressions. She apparently knew everything, and that first hand; but it was undigested, unanalyzed, and therefore valueless, — like the unassembled pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. She still lacked the quality of perception which would make the pieces interlock and give a coherent whole. She had no goal, either mental or spiritual. She accepted each day as a complete unit, delightfully unconcerned as to what it might mean, or what life was all about.

Perched on the end of the bed Nancy thought aloud. "I wonder if marriage will answer it all? Is a woman really a woman until she's a mother? It seems perfectly obvious that no one can begin to have any sound ideas about life until they've created one themselves. But when one is a mother, what comes next? I don't believe it's a sort of mental and physical hill from which one can look down and understand it all. From the way some of them lay down the law you'd think it was. I believe motherhood's just a change in experience, a training for something else. . . . What do you make of it all, Cornelia?"

"Oh, blaa!" said Cornelia. "Some people are born mothers and some have motherhood thrust upon them. You're evidently the first, and one of these fine days I *may* be the second, but I flatter myself I'm pretty much of a real woman, as you call it, right this minute. What does it matter what it all means? No one has ever found out, so why bother? Wait till you meet my latest beau, Jean de Courcy. He's . . ."

"Oh, you and your beaux!" cried Nancy impatiently. "There are enough of them to stretch from here to Brimble. . . . Let's go to sleep!"

Cornelia chuckled. "All right, honey. Good night!"

"Good night," said Nancy. She closed her eyes.

It was perhaps an hour later when she suddenly sat up. "Are you asleep?" she

whispered. There was no answer. She could hear Cornelia breathing evenly and gently.

"Damn those beaux of hers! They won't let me get to sleep." She got out of bed and went over to the window. For a long time she stood there looking out, restless, — and annoyed at being so.

The guests who began to arrive were a catholic assortment, all reflecting some particular mood or tense of Cornelia's. As she thought she needed someone, so she reached out and grabbed; her method, successful with men and girls equally, being ten minutes' concentrated personality.

There were velveteen poets, whose anaemic faces were in striking contrast to their hot-blooded verses which appeared semi-occasionally in the type of journal that, like the seed that fell upon hard ground, springs up immediately and then withereth away. More frequently they were written on the marble tops of café tables, enjoyed their brief hour, and then were expunged into a fitting oblivion with a beery napkin by a waiter whose poetic appreciations were only stirred by *pourboires*. There were girls from the atelier whose voices were undoubtedly the least profitable part of their anatomy; although, to do them, and Cornelia, justice, they had not yet found that out. Many of them looked hungry, and were. They circled round with one eye on the food, leaving a trail of chypre, exclamations and aromatic cigarette smoke, like buzzards waiting for the death.

For Nancy the first half hour of that party was an emotional confusion, a jumble of sound, smell, and sight, — the scraps of incomprehensible French and broken English, the strong scents and colors of the girls, like an exotic bouquet of beards and unusual garments of the men, all forming a hodge-podge of utter unreality. She was like nothing so much as a monkey of tender age separated from its tribe at the water-hole at dusk, gazing big-eyed and speechless at the gathering of the eland, hartebeeste, and springbok, splashing and snorting all around.

Presently Jean de Courcy made gallant entrance, armed with a large bouquet of violets which he presented Cornelia with an exaggeration of humility that somehow did not reach his eyes. He

was a lieutenant in the cavalry and it seemed to Nancy that he was the only real man present. "Perhaps it's the uniform!" she thought; but as he was the latest beau she studied him in detail. His hair was very dark and clipped "en brosse." A perpetual twinkle lurked in his eyes. Sometimes it carried down below his silky moustache and parted his rather full red lips in a smile which revealed not only the whitest teeth she had ever seen, but a sort of invitation to comradeship. "He looks nice!" she thought.

Cornelia brought him over. To her the duties of a hostess amounted almost to a religion. She was constantly on the *qui vive*, joining a group, chatting a moment, dragging a person out of it and dumping him into another group.

"Nancy Hawthorne, this is Jean de Courcy . . . you know! . . . Now be very nice to her Jean, and I'll dash back again in a moment!"

Jean clicked his heels together and bowed from the waist. His English was fluent. "I shall be even nicer than that if Mademoiselle will permit?"

Nancy held out her hand. "Welcome to the water-hole!" she said.

"The water-hole? Is that a new slang you bring from England?"

Nancy explained. Jean was delighted. He threw back his head in a howl of laughter.

"I 'ave never been called a monkey before, — not even by a woman! — but it is the most charming compliment!"

Without intending to, Nancy had intrigued him. Her reward was a complete and immediate change from the society manner of casual introduction to one of delighted interest. Jean became himself. They were already talking, — as against the interchange of inanity, — when Cornelia broke in upon them.

"Come along both of you! Jean, you know my sister, but Nancy Hawthorne doesn't. I've been keeping Nancy as a surprise for the family in spite of all their protests, and they are bursting with curiosity!"

It was difficult to keep pace, three abreast, as Cornelia dragged them round and through people; but at last they

stopped, and Cornelia said, "Marguerite, this is Nancy Hawthorne. . . . Now what have you got to say? Wasn't I right?"

A little uncomfortable at this form of introduction, Nancy found herself shaking hands with a beautiful woman, whose relationship to Cornelia was obvious. Marguerite had the same coloring, the same eyes and mouth. Several years older than Cornelia, and with two children to her credit, she had begun to accept the approach of a comfortable maturity. One could almost hear her say, "Yes, I *know*! I really *must* begin to diet," — and the pathetic, appealing smile accompanying the remark tells its own tale of a life devoted to the following of the line of least resistance.

"Why, my dear," she said to Nancy, "I'm very glad indeed to see you. You mustn't blame me if I was a little worried when Cornelia first told me she was going to set up housekeeping with a girl whom she'd met in a public garden! You see, I feel responsible for her over here even though she thinks she's old enough to run the whole of Paris by herself. . . . But now I've met you I'm sure I needn't feel any further anxiety!" She gave Nancy's hand a little squeeze and threw in a nodding smile for good measure.

"Very smooth!" said Cornelia. "I'll hand it to you, Rita!"

"It's awfully nice of you," said Nancy. "I like to know that you think I'm fairly safe."

"I want my husband to meet you," said Marguerite. "Paul dear!" She placed a hand on his arm. The Count de Bercy-Mormal was talking to Jean de Courcy. He turned obediently. "Paul, I want to present you to Cornelia's friend, Miss Nancy Hawthorne."

For a brief second Nancy's heart stood still. That neat little moustache! That sleek face. . . .

The Count looked at her. The polite smile retained its exact proportions, but a gleam of recognition and malice came into his eyes. "*Je suis enchanté*, Mademoiselle! Cornelia has an eye for beauty!"

This man had accosted her the previous morning in the Rue de la Paix.



The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns

Pearl of Our Indies

In an illuminating essay on the Virgin Islands in the August FORUM, Mr. Arthur Warner described the historic hotel in St. Thomas as "a continual contrast between ancient glories and present-day decay." He said other things about this capacious hostelry. "It is a wholly delightful dining-room,—except for the difficulty of getting something to eat. To do that one must follow the example of the birds,—hop around and help oneself."

Prospective tourists to our new dominions this coming season will be glad to hear that the islands are as attractive as ever, but that all this about the hotel has been changed. Witness the following letters to the Editor:—

OFFICE OF
GOVERNMENT ATTORNEY

MUNICIPALITY OF ST. THOMAS AND ST. JOHN
VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE UNITED STATES

Editor of THE FORUM:

Through your courtesy, I have received a copy of the article of Mr. Warner that is scheduled to appear in the August number of THE FORUM, and I am writing in haste to ask you to eliminate one paragraph, particularly, if that is possible, and that is the one referring to the hotel. Every word in that paragraph was true when the hotel was run by one of Warner's blessed native friends, but it is most emphatically not true of the new management. The hotel has been recently renovated, and a Mr. Joseph Reynolds has taken over the proprietorship. He is thoroughly familiar with

such work, having had a wide experience in the States,—including managing a hotel in New York and San Francisco. This new management is endeavoring to attract tourists here for this winter.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLIAMS.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Editor of THE FORUM:

... The hotel has been entirely refurnished and renovated at a large expense with the best equipment. The plumbing has been entirely refitted. We have the most excellent baths of the most improved pattern. Our cuisine is reputed to be the best in the West Indies. Our ballroom has had thirty-two dances since January 23 when we opened. Our cooking is American. Our service is all new and excellent.

As I have managed hotels in the United States for thirty-five years and came here especially to open and conduct this house on modern and up-to-date lines, and have been doing an excellent tourist business, you may realize what a serious matter such a statement in a magazine of your worth means to me.

JOSEPH REYNOLDS.
Grand Hotel,
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

A recent guest at the hotel confirms the above testimony.

Delighted with his trip to the Lagoon, he returns to the Grand Hotel one of the most spacious and up to date in the West Indies. Recently renovated, service à la American, situated in the central part of the city.

within easy reach of the Post Office, the Governor's Palace, Marine Barracks and the Landing Dock. Breakfast is served on the airy balcony overlooking the harbor; the guests listening to the sweet strains of the Navy Band playing the Star Spangled Banner and other favorite and popular tunes.

In spite of Mr. Warner's strictures on the American political administration, tourists will be attracted by his sympathetic description of these historic islands to visit St. Thomas this winter and to find that their pilgrimage has been made comfortable by Mr. Reynolds and his hotel. Here is an opportunity to combine patriotism with pleasure by spending a winter holiday in Uncle Sam's latest possession.

The "Pedestrian"

Subscribers may remember the Editor's "Midsummer questionnaire." Some of the comments on the "Pedestrian" series are appended herewith. You pay your money and take your choice!

"I read 'Footpath and Highway' as soon as THE FORUM is out of the envelope."

"I can't see any sense in them!"

"Delightful. They force one to study language for its inherent beauty. Fine!"

"Fresh and searching philosophy."

"Bunkum, Piffle, and Tommy Rott (sic). Also Flapdoodle!"

"Nobody except a grouch could help liking them."

"Like them immensely even if I don't agree."

"A woman wrote them, didn't she? (No, she didn't!) They fall short of the style she obviously tries to attain."

"Style nothing short of brilliant."

"More than interesting. A 'Hill-Top' view of life, — not forgetting its chuckles."

"The Pedestrian treads the Highway with great sympathy for his fellow-walkers headed toward the higher life."

"Sound philosophy in a day of erratic meandering."

"A pleasant garden in which FORUM readers may take refuge."

"O. K.," says another, "but the George Henry Payne articles are nothing but mudslinging at the Republican Administration."

No, you can't please ALL of the public, ALL of the time.

The Japanese Again

These two important letters bearing on the Japanese question arrived too late to be included in the Japanese symposium published in the September FORUM:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Shall we naturalize the Japanese who are resident in our country? By all means, since by the statistics of our own government, it has been proved that they satisfactorily comply with all physical, moral, mental, and literacy tests.

Emigrants from infected parts of the world are permitted to enter the United States with a view to becoming citizens. These immigrants come to us from disease-infested and crime-breeding localities, as is proved by the statistics of Poland, Russia, South and North Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, and Turkey. In the government tests made of the last immigration, in an examination for loathsome or suppurative diseases, the Japanese ranked the lowest, showing but one per cent, whereas among the English three per cent were afflicted, among the Hebrews nine per cent, the South Italians fifteen per cent, and the Africans twenty-four per cent.

In tests made for idiocy and epilepsy no Japanese were found afflicted, but there were four per cent among the English, twelve per cent among Italians, and thirty-eight per cent among the Hebrews. Only three Japanese were afflicted with venereal disease, but there were twelve Hebrews, twenty-three English, and seventy-six Italians. None of the Japanese had favus, which is one of the three non-excusable diseases that compels deportation. Many Russian Hebrews, Italians, and Africans had it and a few English, French, and German immigrants. Not a single Japanese showed any symptoms of tubercular disease or of trachoma, but many Polish Hebrews were afflicted and a large number of Southern Italians.

As a result of tests held for insanity no Japanese were deported, but there were sixty-five South Italians deported for this mental defect, forty North Italians, seventeen Russian Hebrews, sixteen Germans, twenty Irish, thirteen English, ten French, and nine Africans. The Government forbids admittance to any alien who is likely to be a public charge. There were 339 Mexicans deported for this reason, 267

English, 160 Croatsians and Slovenes, 152 Italians, 145 Germans, 80 Russian Hebrews, 77 Irish, 65 Spanish-Americans, 62 Scotch, and only *two* Japanese, thus proving by our own government statistics that the Japanese have more than qualified in all requirements. Why, then, do we refuse them the privilege of naturalization?

LUELLEN TETERS BUSSENIUS.

President Welfare Board for Ellis Island.

National Committee on American-Japanese Relations.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Declaration of Independence declares the grounds on which our forefathers demanded the establishment of a separate nation with guarantees of certain human rights. It says nothing whatever about the limitation to certain races of the grounds of these demands, or of the denial to other races of the enjoyment of these rights. The Constitution, which sought to secure the principles of the Declaration in institutional form, dealt only with the facts that it knew about, and was not framed with any reference to racial questions which did not then exist and of which it knew nothing. Both Declaration and Constitution were based on what their authors believed to be universal principles. The setting up of racial distinctions is alien to these documents and to the principles embodied in them.

The preservation of American institutions and of the integrity of American national life and character is wholly justifiable, but it should be secured in full consistency with the principles on which the nation rests. When it is demonstrated that peoples of any race are ready to be assimilated and to maintain our institutions with us, and to strengthen the national life and character, they ought to be admitted to our country, and when admitted to the country they ought to be admitted also, as soon as qualified, to full American citizenship.

The present question which is raised in THE FORUM, however, is not as to any further immigration of Japanese, but as to the naturalization of those now here. I believe that all of those Japanese who are assimilable, and who desire naturaliza-

tion, should be admitted to it and encouraged to apply for it. An honest study of the facts shows that many Japanese *are* assimilable. Such a study has been made by Dr. Waterhouse, who sums up:

The Japanese in this country will not be assimilated by intermarriage, but the second generation is apparently being assimilated in a cultural and social way, adopting American ideals, standards of thought, living, and character.

Replies to a questionnaire from sixteen hundred Japanese children under fifteen years of age who were born in this country show:

That practically all are attending American public schools. Nearly two-thirds are attending Protestant Sunday Schools. Thirty-five per cent gave their religion as Christian. Nineteen per cent were Buddhists. The rest gave no answer.

Three hundred and forty-two replies from American-born Japanese between fifteen and twenty-two years of age, representing forty per cent of the Japanese of that age born in California, show:

Fifty-one per cent were attending or planning to go to high school. Fifty per cent were expecting to go to college. One half were Christians. One-fifth were Buddhists.

Without hesitation we join the ranks of those who argue that the Japanese can be assimilated, and the more thoroughly we study the situation, the more powerful is the conviction that the debate about the Japanese would cease to be a debate at all, if only all who argue against them could come into personal contact with the second generation.

It is not the purpose of this article to advocate, in any sense of the term, an open door for Oriental immigration. The sole reason for making this investigation was to get some first-hand, verified information as to the trend of thought and life in the second generation of Japanese in California upon which to base a judgment as to the right policy for treating those who are already here in this country.

ROBERT E. SPEER, *Secretary.*

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

New York City.

A Cycle on the American Indian

A SYMPOSIUM

Since the publication last March of the debate — "Our Indian Problem" — between Flora Warren Seymour and Mary Austin, scores of letters have come to THE FORUM presenting various aspects of a question which obviously interests the thoughtful American citizen. In April appeared a symposium on the problem, an expression of many divergent views sent in to the Editor. During these intervening months a wealth of additional material has been submitted, from which the following "Indian Cycle" has been edited. Having opened the windows to ventilate freely an issue of such national importance as Indian welfare THE FORUM cannot close them without admitting additional gusts of fresh air.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR

Thomas L. Sloan, Vice President on Legation, of the Society of Indians, Washington, offers a fund of detailed facts:

"The Indian Bureau is not in accord with advancing civilization. It is un-American and backward. Its one hundred years of existence, soon to be celebrated, is a 'Century of Dishonor' that should terminate with its extinction. The Indians of to-day under the supervision of the Indian Bureau are the most unfortunate of our population. It is a supervision that robs rather than helps the Indians, and no relief is available through court proceedings which are open to all other persons in the United States. No worse conditions existed under the Spoils System.

"Indian estates are being rapidly dissipated and the present system will soon make them paupers. Honest administration of their estates would enrich them, or permit them to work out their lives in comfort. In preparing laws to be enacted, Congress lends its ear to the officials who spend the Indian money but it does not listen or give hearing to the Indians whose money is to be spent. If the public could hear directly from the Indians; if they could know their experiences, there would be oil deals, land deals, timber deals, water deals, grazing deals, and impositions of every kind possible to the detriment of the Indians, requiring explanation. Held as they are in subjection upon reservations, they are dominated, restrained, held in an environment that has kept them away from the contact with civilization and the knowledge and experiences necessary for them to have in order to learn how to retain their property and secure relief.

"If you could hear the heart cry of the Indian you would know how he suffers, but unless you are an Indian or a very close and dear friend you will not know from him what it is.

"The promises and obligations of one treaty-making power has been exchanged with another. The claims of this government are that they do not take by conquest, nor unjustly. The rights of the Indians under the treaties are the most sacred trusts, and when treaty making was abolished by an Act of Congress, then agreements were made and adopted by Congress in Acts that were law. No other than honest intentions can be ascribed to parties to the agreements. All promises and agreements on the part of the Indians have been fulfilled, but not so on the part of the officials of the United States charged with the duty of carrying the agreements into effect. The sordid selfishness of the Indian Bureau system, with its arbitrary, un-American, and unjust exercise of power, bring sorrow, suffering, disease, injustice, and poverty. Many of the Indians mistreated are heroes of the World War; some who while fighting in the front ranks of our American Expeditionary Forces against the German Empire were being despoiled of their rights and property at home, — property held in trust by the United States.

"Not until the great American public demands just treatment of the Indians by the Government of the people will their wrongs be righted and the stains removed from the record of our country."

"THIS WARD BUSINESS"

Bruce Kinney, Director of Indian Missions with headquarters at Denver,

claims the expression "both wards and citizens" a contradiction of terms. He quotes from a decision of the United States Supreme Court that "citizenship is not incompatible with tribal existence or continued guardianship . . ." and adds:

"Supreme Court or no Supreme Court, that sort of citizenship would not be tolerated by any white man. Thus, a bare statement that the Indians have 'citizenship' conveys a wrong idea to the average white man. I know of an Indian who is trying to get his grant of citizenship revoked because it involves more trouble than it is worth. If he succeeds many will follow his example. This whole 'ward business' has a tendency to make the Indian dependent rather than self-reliant. The full-blooded Indians who have really made a record for their race to be proud of have had to utterly break from it. One such, who had brains enough to graduate from a professional school of a great state university said to me, 'The Indians can never appreciate what they have until the time comes that they have nothing except what they have earned.'

"Another alleged statement is 'They are enjoying wealth from the proceeds of oil lands operated for them.' Here is a general statement as though it applied to all Indians. The Osage oil money is tribal and hence is divided on a per cent capita basis. The Creeks and Cherokee have individual allotments on some of which oil has been found. Probably not 200 of these last named tribes have an annual income of ten thousand a year. There are a few individuals of other tribes who have some oil wealth. While there are oil prospects on several other reservations it is probably well within the truth to say that 300,000 of the 350,000 Indians in the United States have absolutely no oil wealth or any other wealth of any appreciable sort."

Dr. John Randolph Haynes of Los Angeles writes along similar lines. "Highway Robbery," without, it would seem, standing on the ceremony of a highway or under the cover of darkness. "The Indian reservations cover more than one hundred thousand square miles and include natural resources valued at over four billion dollars. The policies of the United States Government toward Indians are generally an expression of the

determination of Congress and of the legal constituency back of Congress, to get hold of Indian wealth. Because the Indians have only a shadowy constitutional protection, it is easy to rob them.

"We pretend to set the Indian free from guardianship and at the same time we establish in Oklahoma the system of professional guardianship which according to the conservative estimates of the three leading Indian welfare societies has resulted, and now results, in robbing the Indians of eighty-five cents out of every dollar of their income, this money going into the pockets of local politicians, lawyers, judges, divorce promoters, and many others, including undertakers."

FORCED ALLOTMENTS

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Research Associate, Smithsonian Institute, writes on "The Cruelty of Forced Allotments in California."

"Only a year ago the Indians of Palm Springs on the edge of the Colorado Desert in California were thrown into a state of apprehension and dismay by the sudden unannounced appearance of Government surveyors sent by the Indian Office to subdivide their communal village and pasture lands into individual allotments. Not only was this a terrible shock but when the surveyors had gone, the anxious Indians were kept in suspense for months until Secretary Hubert Work at last learning the truth, indefinitely postponed the final order.

"It is well to remember that long ago the Indians had apportioned their lands among themselves, in accordance with their own tribal laws, and that in their councils no action is taken except by unanimous consent.

"It is only a few months since the Palm Springs Indians were assured that, for the time being at least, their homes would not be broken up. They and their friends rejoiced, believing that the verdict in this case applied not only to Palm Springs but also to other small reservations in Southern California. But they were destined to disappointment, for the accursed work is still going on. It is now announced that the Indian Office has decided, — in spite of protests and petitions from both Indians and whites, — to allot the remaining Indian lands of Southern California

"Forced allotments mean the practical confiscation and resubdivision of Indian homes, gardens, and pasture lands that have been occupied for long periods, — sometimes for generations. And in some cases they mean that the home and improvements of one Indian are transferred to another. They mean more. They mean the destruction of tribal government with its established system of laws and social codes, — laws and codes that for ages have controlled the conduct and activities of the people. It is a heart-breaking affair; one calculated to destroy the last remnant of faith in our Government and to rob the Indian of ambition for the present and of hope for the future.

"One of the agents in charge, when confronted with some of the iniquitous features of the proposed allotments, replied that such injustices 'are necessary to the carrying out of the allotment plan,' — as if the plan *had* to be carried out, suffer who will!"

TENDENCY TO THINK LOCALLY

A plea is sent from Frank B. Linderman of Kalispell, Montana, begging that the public refrain from following the example of some members of the Board of Indian Commissioners who "think locally and speak generally" upon this vital subject. "They do not consider that there are Indians in the North, East, South, and West; Indians of the fertile lands, of the arid deserts, and Indians of the mountains and plains. These people are living as they have always lived, under different climatic conditions, so that whatever will benefit one may not bring good to another. A member of the Board of Indian Commissioners should know this, and yet a member declares that 'the Indians are enjoying wealth from the proceeds of oil lands operated for them.'"

The General Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, D. T. MacDougal, writing from the Desert Laboratory at Tucson says:

"Nothing can be done to atone for the past jumble of tragic mistakes and shameful failures of contract and obligation. The displacement of any population is unavoidably accompanied by serious damage, so intricate and vital is the relation of a people to its country. The administration of each tribe should be based upon

facts accurately ascertained, and considered without religious bias or political prejudice, in so far as this may be humanly possible. Specifically, it should be realized that our chief aim is the welfare of the Indian rather than the aggrandizement of the Indian Bureau."

This view is likewise held by Phil S. Locke of Aberdeen, Washington, who says: "No 'Indian Policy' can be framed to fit the American Indian, for the same reason that no single scheme of government is suitable for all nations and all peoples. As small as the unit may be, their capacities and inclinations should be studied to the end that the great wrong done the American Indian should be in part atoned for and that further wrong cease."

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute, contributes a distinctive paper on the American Indian. In part he says:

"The law of the survival of the fittest applies to the growth of culture that determines the state of civilization. The development of the Indian as compared to the European has been hampered by the physical character of the American environment, and man's effort to raise himself nearer his ideals has been a fierce struggle of superior and inferior races. This long story of conflict is marked with injustice and disregard of the rights of the weaker race. The immutable law of nature has been that the better part of the earth becomes the home and possession of the race strongest in physical force and mentality.

"Even the strongest sentimentalists could not, I think, find adequate argument to show that the Indians should be kept like animals in a zoölogical garden, in their native state, for the inspection of the curious. An Indian deserves the rights of manhood and necessarily should not be deprived of an education that all citizens deserve. Men may differ as to the kind of education. If there is any agency that has done its duty in education of the Indians, it is certainly the Office of Indian Affairs. The education needed by the Indian is that fostered by the Indian Bureau along the lines of industrial development. The problem is to equip them with the most practical aids to support themselves.

Agricultural pursuits, stock raising, and proficiency in mechanical arts appeal to them most strongly. In offering this education to the Indian it is not necessary to hasten the destruction of his characteristic culture. We need what is good to strengthen our future citizenship. One can readily understand the desirability of preserving for posterity the characteristic arts, industries, music, and legends of the Indians."

Argument along much the same line is contributed by C. H. Asbury, Superintendent of the Crow Agency, Montana, who begs that we establish first our well defined purpose, in our dealings with the Indian, then our duty, based on these findings. He offers to the public two alternatives:

"If it is our purpose to retain the Indian as an ethnological specimen, or as a study in anthropology, or as a curio, then every effort should be made to keep him in his original savagery, ignorance, simplicity, and superstition. If, however, we are working toward making of these Indians self-respecting, useful members of society, and citizens, then we must work away from his native uncivilized environment and habiliments."

"Emotion and Fireworks" is the descriptive term used by Rodney W. Roundy, Laconia, N. H., in speaking of the recent Teapot Dome revelations. He concludes his letter with the remark:

"My experiences with those who have had at heart the interest of the Indians has been that all who are interested in their education and religious welfare wish to preserve all that was good in their old cultures. They have, however, been continuously insistent that the Indian must be prepared to live in the America that now is, and not in the America which was, when he hunted the buffalo with bow and arrow."

FROM THE INSIDE

Miss Margaret Muskrat writes of her people, sending her letter from Mt. Holyoke College: "To us who look at it from the inside, who must carry the burdens so widely being discussed, the picturesqueness and the romance, if there be any, in our situation fades into nothing in the face of a great and immediately overwhelming problem. To sentimentalize

over the misdeeds of past generations is quite as easy as it is futile. We who constitute the younger generation are not very deeply concerned with what the pioneers did to our forefathers, beyond a realization that our staggering burden is a result of that past. We are troubled with a much more pressing question demanding immediate attention. What is the American of to-day going to do to the Indian? On that question undoubtedly hinges the future of this race of people who have been placed, for weal or for woe, in the charge of the nation."

CONCLUSION

In the post-debate discussion on the Indian question, published in the April FORUM, the situation from the point of view of health and sanitation was thoroughly discussed. Miss Stella M. Atwood, of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, on the Committee of Indian Welfare, contributes further to the illuminating disclosures laid bare through public agitation. Charles L. Bernheimer, of New York City, also protests against crude methods in medical treatment and in dental service. In his estimation the situation is deplorable and should be speedily corrected.

Individual tribes of Indians and their needs are discussed by several contributors. Miss Erna Fergusson sends from Albuquerque impressions of the Pueblo Indians, contrasting the primitive Indian with the one on the reservation to-day. Roberts Walker, of Scarsdale, N. Y., writes of the Indians in New Mexico as he has known them. His pertinent question is, "In what coin shall we pay our debt?" And his answer, "Without proselytizing or openly 'Americanizing' the Indian; by making our own civilization and beliefs so real and so inviting that they will in time gladly come over to us." Dr. E. N. Wright of Olney, Oklahoma, working among the Choctaws is seeking relief for his people from the grievances due to the action of the Indian Bureau. Mrs. John Wetherill presents the problems of the Navajo Indians, among whom she has worked for the past twenty-four years. Her plea is for a more competent educational system throughout the reservations. Enlightenment is the crying need of the American Indian.

OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 500 words in length, and those of 300 words are especially desired.

The Fire in the Flint

The authors of the debate in this issue of THE FORUM were asked to review THE FIRE IN THE FLINT, a recent publication relevant to the subject under discussion. Their reviews are produced herewith.

Judge Fortson says, —

The reaction of the half-breed to the rigid caste system of the South constitutes in itself not the least of the difficulties of the race problem. Of course, as the available statistics show, the number of Negroes of mixed blood is relatively small, and, fortunately, where their activities are along incendiary lines their influence is not great because of the innate conservatism of the blacks. Nevertheless, as one of the phenomena of the race question, this reaction provokes interest, and as a contribution illustrating the mental processes of the mulatto, *THE FIRE IN THE FLINT*, by Walter F. White (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50) may have a certain value. I can think of no other reason for its publication.

The story purports to portray life in a typical Southern town of about eight thousand people, half of whom are Negroes. The hero, whose color is a "rich

brown," after receiving a medical education in the North and spending six months at the Sorbonne, in Paris, returns home to practise his profession and to uplift his people. At first filled with faith, hope, and charity, he later gradually loses all three in the order named by reason of the cumulative atrocities practised upon his race, his family, and himself by the unspeakable whites, who are described as "a nation of petty minds and morals vindictive, vicious, and stupid."

Denied association with the whites, the author undertakes to prove them inferior to Negroes and to show that their society is wholly undesirable. This complex pervades the book. Not a single white man of the community is permitted to use language that is not commonly used by illiterate Negroes. On the other hand, the Negro preacher speaks as an illiterate only as a pose. White has an especially sharp tooth for the Anglo-Saxon. To carry his point facts are inverted, truth forsaken, and history denied. To "liberal" white men he attributes opinions and sentiments that are grotesque. As assaults upon white women are generally believed to be the underlying cause of lynching, the author has a compulsion to prove, by

white testimony, that "nine out of ten cases where these trifling women holler and claim they been raped, they ain't been no rape. And they lynch the 'nigra' to hush the matter up." He goes further and shows that in reality Negro women are assaulted by white men and Negro men are lynched for attempting to protect them.

The better class whites dare not condemn lynching for fear of losing caste. All Southern white men are cowards. Lincoln, we are solemnly informed, was not "begotten" in the South.

Of course the book can provoke only disgust and a mild amusement among the white people in the South, if it is read by them at all. Its influence upon the blacks will be nil. And to the mulattoes who may chance to read it, it is hard to perceive how it can bring either solace or hope. To those who are intelligently working towards a solution of the race problem with open minds it must appear as but another proof of the belief that to give the Negro an education along other than industrial lines is frequently worse than useless.

BLANTON FORTSON.

Athens, Georgia.

Mr. Pickens says, —

One of the best productions of its kind. It is a propaganda story in which the story is as attractive as the propaganda, and is not dependent upon the "moral" for its life. It sets forth, rather than describes, the abnormal and brutal relationship of southern United States "sentiment" toward its colored inhabitants. Withal it tells a good story of how a young Negro of a Georgia town, after being trained as physician and surgeon in the North and in France, went back to his home and did his best to dodge the "race question" and to make good, — and failed in both aims.

Only an American Negro can write such a story, — in the present generation. It is a story of real life among colored American humans and not of traditional or hysterical caricatures. Dr. Kenneth Harper gets lynched, — as any young colored doctor would get lynched in Georgia if he did the perfectly manly and right things which Kenneth did. And Jane, and even Mamie, suffer as ten thousand

colored girls suffer in the South. realize that, instead of moving by their own power, they all are moved by power and ideals of the story teller. sympathize with their condition and mire their final choices, and are attracted by the wavering course of Harper than by the unvacillating road to death chosen by his younger brother Al. The course of Bob, after he saw the horror and humiliation of his sister who had been raped by those who despise her race, is an epic of action.

Mr. White has investigated many lynchings and some interracial riots and massacres for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and he has selected the "Arkansas case" of 1919, as a model for exposing the condition of Southern Negroes in small towns and rural districts, and for describing their so far ineffectual efforts to better those conditions, — with the present sentiment about "niggers" which is found among employers, officers, and courts of law, and even in "good white folks."

It is an unpleasant picture, — worse still, it is true. Some of the characters do a little more than they can do in real life in the South to-day, but they do the kind of things that are done. Harper, the intelligent Negro, would get quite so far along with the better whites, and Judge Stevenson, the humane and liberal white, might have in him the power to would not let out of him quite so much expression, — in the South.

The general attractiveness of the story ought to cause it to be read by many of those who are trying continually to dodge the picture which it discloses. Men will not love such a picture and will want to bring the time when it can be called not true to contemporary conditions in racial life. By *The Fire in the Flint* the American will be interested, many will be instructed, and some will be pleased.

WILLIAM PICKENS

New York City.

Our Syncopated Complex

Ever since the day, a year or so ago, when Gilbert Seldes "discovered" Irving Berlin and the public "discovered" Paul Whiteman and elevated him to performance in our concert auditoriums as a competent

to the Stokowskis, the Damrosches, the Mengelbergs, and the Stocks, musician literateurs have endeavored to analyze and define the syncopated complex of our great nation.

In this revised edition of *THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF AMERICA* by the late Louis C. Elson (L. C. Page & Company, \$2.50) which was first issued in 1899, Arthur Elson, the son of the author, seems to have experimented most successfully. In his opinion, America's so-called "Popular Music" shows a steady normal growth and maturity and he hopes that it will be a credit to the music family in a wee short time; possibly in its next reincarnation. For "Popular Music" was first born as melody,—as witness *Sweet Marie*, and *Annie Rooney*,—from which it developed rhythmically into *Alexander's Rag Time Band*, then harmonically, as expressed in *The Wabash Blues*, and finally achieved contrapuntal heights with the exotic decorations of the dance orchestra saxophonists.

That America's "Popular Music" will develop legs or wings is difficult of accurate prediction yet certainly it is growing out of the tadpole state. Mr. Elson explains this development in a clear, concise manner, giving reasons for channels through which it has flowed. He also gives attention to the better known of our American classical composers, with a reference to their major works and a discussion of their values.

Two chapters devoted to modern war songs bring this unusually fine history of American music up to date. The book, herewith reread, confirms the opinion that no work of its character published since its first printing is more worthy.

HORACE JOHNSON.

New York City.

Uncensored Recollections

The best thing which could happen to *UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS*, Anonymous (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$4.50), would be the censoring of its pages by someone who knew something about the facts it relates and the persons it maligns. One wonders at the audacity and ignorance of some of its statements. One also wonders how it could ever have been attributed to a man or woman really moving in the

society which it pretends to portray. Our impression is that the whole unsavory mess is nothing but a compilation from old newspaper articles, and perhaps private letters, assembled by a third rate reporter who knew nothing of what he wrote about. I will briefly draw the notice of the reader to a few details showing how utterly impossible it is that the author could have known the men and women he slanders and whose imperfections he is so glad to unveil.

I will dismiss the insinuations, to use a polite expression, he makes as to the parentage of the Empress Eugenie, and simply remark how utterly impossible it would have been for her to pay secret visits to Lord Clarendon in England. On page 17 he says that "the Empress sent for Hidalgo when the Duchesse d'Albe died, to help her in her last kind cares for her dead sister"; I will remind him that when the Duchesse died the Empress was with the Emperor in Algiers, and that it remained a standing grief to her she could not be present at her beloved sister's funeral. I also advise him to read an account of the Empress's wedding where the presence and place awarded in Notre Dame to her mother, the Countess de Montijo, is stated, and then to withdraw his pretty story of the Emperor refusing to allow his mother-in-law to be present at the ceremony.

On page 55 is the extraordinary statement that the Narischkines were originally peasants and that their name was Yarischkine, an obscene Russian word. Well, there is now a new Russian language, simplified by the Bolsheviks, and perhaps the author of *Uncensored Recollections* has studied it, but in the old original language such a word as Yarischkine, whether obscene or not, does not exist. The Narischkines are descended from Rurik, and perhaps the oldest and greatest Russian family. When Tzar Alexis married a Narischkine, who became the mother of Peter the Great, it was generally believed that she had conferred a great honor on him by accepting him, although he was the Tzar.

On page 168, there is the statement that the Emperor Nicholas I had only one daughter, the Grand Duchess Catherine, whom he adored. Now as it happens the Emperor had three daughters, none of

whom was called Catherine. The eldest, Marie, became the wife of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the grandson of the Empress Josephine who was the first consort of the great Napoleon. The second, Olga, became Queen of Wurtemberg, while the third one, Alexandra, was married to a Prince of Hesse and died a year later in childbirth. So much for the acquaintance of the author of the *Recollections* with the Romanoffs.

It is most amusing to hear about Boni de Castellane's sister considering that he never had one, but perhaps since the author of the *Recollections* is so well informed, he was really blessed with one and kept her confined somewhere, like Leopold II is supposed to have done with the Empress Charlotte of Mexico.

Where, however, the imagination of the author touches on the humorous is in his long story about a well-known character in Paris, old Madame Lacroix, whom he credits with conducting a matrimonial agency, and whom he describes as the widow of the translator of Sophocles *Oedipus Rex*, and as living in the rue Pasquier. He assures us that he knows what he is talking about when speaking of her. We are very sorry to contradict him, but Monsieur Lacroix, over whose remains the old lady is supposed to have mourned, survived her by something like ten years; they never lived in the rue Pasquier but in the rue d'Anjou, and certainly Madame Lacroix, enormously rich on her own account, would have fainted right away if seen herself described as a matrimonial agent. Moreover, she never even saw Prince Henry of Battenberg and had such a horror for all the Bonapartes that she never would have allowed one of the family to cross her threshold. The only true thing in this fantastic tale is that it was in her house that Mlle. Blanc met for the first time Prince Constantin Radziwill. As for Madame de Villeneuve, she married long after Madame Lacroix's death, which occurred when she was a mere child.

These few remarks are sufficient to prove what kind of book this is that tries to initiate a credulous public into the private lives of people the author has never known, but slanders at his heart's content, without discrimination or reason. It is the most disgraceful and the most

Bolshevik literary attempt to run down the upper classes that has yet seen the light of day.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

Coolidge

Biographers of contemporary public characters set themselves a hard task. Whether they say nice things or things not so nice, they are sure to be accused of prejudice. If they are both kind and cruel, people will not read their books. Be this as it may, the preëlection output of material about Calvin Coolidge is decidedly readable.

Three books have appeared recently, — CALVIN COOLIDGE, by M. E. Hennessy (Putnam's, \$1.50), THE LIFE OF CALVIN COOLIDGE, by Horace Green (Duffield, \$2.50), and CALVIN COOLIDGE, *His Ideals of Citizenship*, by Edward Elwell Whiting (W. A. Wilde Company, \$2.00). The first two are biographical and harmlessly critical. The third is the net result of an attempt to analyze the President's character through a study of his writings and speeches. Mr. Whiting's biography of Coolidge was published by the Atlantic Monthly Press earlier in the year.

Hennessy's book is more of a formal, connected biography than Green's, which is concerned primarily with the incidents which go to make up a good newspaper story.

"In all the years that Coolidge has been in politics," says Mr. Hennessy, "the breath of scandal has never touched his name. When he was elected governor, the people of Massachusetts were surprised to learn that he lived in half of a double rented house; that he took care of his own furnace, and shoveled the snow from his own sidewalk. . . . He is the same Coolidge to-day, in the White House, that he was at the City Hall in Northampton and at the State House in Boston. . . . He has always lived within his means and he expects the government to do the same."

Both biographers stress certain high lights, — the four years at Amherst, the Northampton period, the police strike, the Vice-Presidency, and the dramatic midnight scene in the sitting room at Plymouth, when Colonel Coolidge ad-

ministered the oath of office to his son, following the death of Mr. Harding. The "Coolidge stories" are much the same; one is almost led to believe that they are true.

Green's final estimate is excellent: "A dry, wry, shrewd, hard-working little man, wiry, but not robust, uninspiring to the eye, but dignified in action; listening freely for advice, with an extraordinary gift for condensing public sentiment when he detects it; a man who would make a better impression if he were cock-surer of his convictions and his physique; an honest, patient student, with a large and philosophic view of the public good, doing his level best for the party and his country; a clean-cut, down-East Yankee; a "most inscrutable little devil"; in fact, to many who have tried to study him, rather lonesome, rather lovable, and, so far, quite unsolved."

G. F. H.

A Lost Art?

Katharine Tynan affirmed, in her spirited review of *George Macdonald and His Wife*, in the July "Bookman," that the art of letter-writing only survived through the first decade of the 19th century, and was lost in Victorian days,—even before "modern base substitutes like the telephone took their place."

That remark incites contradiction among those who have read the letters of Edward Burne Jones, George Wyndham, the varied specimens in *Some Hawarden Letters*, and more recently, the incomparable collection written by Walter H. Page, as American Ambassador in London, and now given to a grateful world.

To refute Mrs. Tynan's assertion still further, here are the LETTERS OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE (John Murray 16/-).

Anne Thackeray, first child of her devoted young parents, was born in 1837, in London, and the book opens with a delightful picture of the happy world made for her by the tall, amusing "Papa" and sweet-voiced mother.

Following the birth of a younger girl (afterwards Mrs. Leslie Stephen) Mrs. Thackeray's mental health failed, and both children were sent to their grandparents' care in Paris, while their father gave himself up to the double burden of

tending an invalid and earning an income by his writing. When it was found best for his wife to live away from home, Thackeray sent for the children to join him at Young Street, Kensington. He yearned for his "own women" and had no mind to shelve his responsibilities, even though they included the choice of governess and, later on, acting as *chaperon* at evening parties. A number of his, hitherto unpublished, letters are given in this volume,—some, written during his lecturing tours, in facsimile of his minute, exquisitely neat handwriting, and illustrated by his sketches. We learn that he found Anne "a perfect well-spring of happiness in herself," and writing to her in 1845, he says (by way of introduction to his beautiful little "Christmas sermon" to both children), "I would sooner have you gentle and humble-minded than ever so clever."

A few years later, he reminds her that though she may write as freely as she pleases to him, her letters to elder friends must be more deliberate: "You should write your very best. I don't mean be affected or use fine words, but be careful, grateful, and ladylike."

One hopes that he may have seen the letter written by Anne, at the age of eleven, to a little friend, for he would have rejoiced over its quaint wisdom. She and her playfellows were bent on founding a society for "the stoppation of starvation" all the world over, and she was invited to act as secretary. Her acknowledgment of this honor is a remarkable production, showing not only a tender heart but an ingenious mind.

In 1852, the two sisters were in Paris with their grandmother, and Anne sent her father a graphic description of Napoleon III entering the capital to be received at the Tuileries as Emperor:—

"After waiting about four hours . . . there came more regiments and aides-de-camps and I determined that that is what I should like to have been born. . . . They cried 'Vive l'Empereur' a little, not very much. Grannie says she counted twelve, but I assure you there were more. . . . Yesterday we saw him . . . but I didn't know who it was until a little man rushed up to Grannie and said 'C'est l'Empereur!' 'Phuiff!' says Grannie, and walks on."

Does she not make us see those dashing young A. D. C.s and the dubious welcome of the Parisians, and her grandmother's frank scorn?

It was near the same date that she helped to write the end of *Esmond* at Thackeray's dictation, and many years afterwards, she records, "I was about fifteen and it's so long ago I can hardly remember it, except I do remember writing about Beatrix's silk stockings as she came downstairs to meet *Esmond*." Happily her father lived to read, with pride and delight, her own first ventures in literature, and *The Story of Elizabeth* appeared in the early issues of "The Cornhill Magazine" under his editorship.

The family history is pieced out by Anne's journals, and "Notes" added by her at a much later time, — all written with the simplicity and charm, the light, sure touch which are shown in *The Village on the Cliff* and *Old Kensington*.

Anne Thackeray made her home in London, or no further away than Wimbledon, almost all through her life, but her letters when traveling, whether they are written from Italy or Holland, during one of her frequent visits, as a convalescent, to Brighton or some other English resort, are all those of an artist in words. She was beset by constant ill-health, but her dauntless spirit was never in subjection to it, and she was always intensely interested in the detail of Life. Writing from Aldworth in 1872, she says:

"This is such a lovely view, almost too lovely for my special taste. I like a cock and a hen, and a kitchen garden, and some lilies and lavender quite as well as these great dream-worlds and cloudcapped lands. . . . I can never appropriate a horizon as one does a haystack, or a bunch of river weeds, or the branches of a tree."

Her ideally happy marriage with Richmond Ritchie in 1877, served to widen still more the circle of friends she already held among the authors and artists of her day. The Carlyles, Tennysons, and Brownings, George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Millais, and many others, figure in these pages. Doubtless, something in her own personality drew forth the charming letter from Swinburne, in which he congratulated her on becoming a grandmother, and implored her never to use the word perambulator for a baby's chariot; for he

had discovered a worthy name — "pushwainling," — in W. Barnes' Letters, and held that it rendered that author immortal!

Anne Thackeray Ritchie had a genius for giving and gaining love, — though she expressed it otherwise:

"What suddenly cheered me up just now, was thinking what prizes I have drawn in Life, what dear, dear prizes. No one ever had such a life as mine, or such love in it, each after its own kind, and this I do feel in my heart."

Her gentle, courageous soul never faltered in pain and sorrow, never lost its wisdom and hope even in the dark years of the War. She died in 1919, and the last letter in this volume flings her challenge to old age and death:

"Who says 'Youth's a stuff will not endure?' It lasts as long as we do, and is older than age. For those moments of eager life of seeing and being come back to us, and we babble of green fields and live amongst them to the very end."

MURIEL KENT.

Devon, England.

Editors' Note

Charles Scribner's Sons have just announced the ATLANTIC EDITION of the works of H. G. Wells, in twenty-eight volumes (\$238.00). The edition is limited to one thousand numbered sets, and the first volume of each set will be autographed by Mr. Wells. The books are printed directly from type on specially made rag paper. This edition is an outstanding example of American bookmaking at its best.

Mr. Hergesheimer's Scenario

Criticism that concerns itself with determining the author's success with his purpose can say little against *BALISAND*, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50). Mr. Hergesheimer set out to realize a dream dear to writers for the screen: to construct a story that could be produced exactly as written. He has done it. *Balisand* is a moving picture, but even as literature it is not terrible.

DASHIELL HAMMETT.

San Francisco, California.



ANATOLE FRANCE (1844-1924)

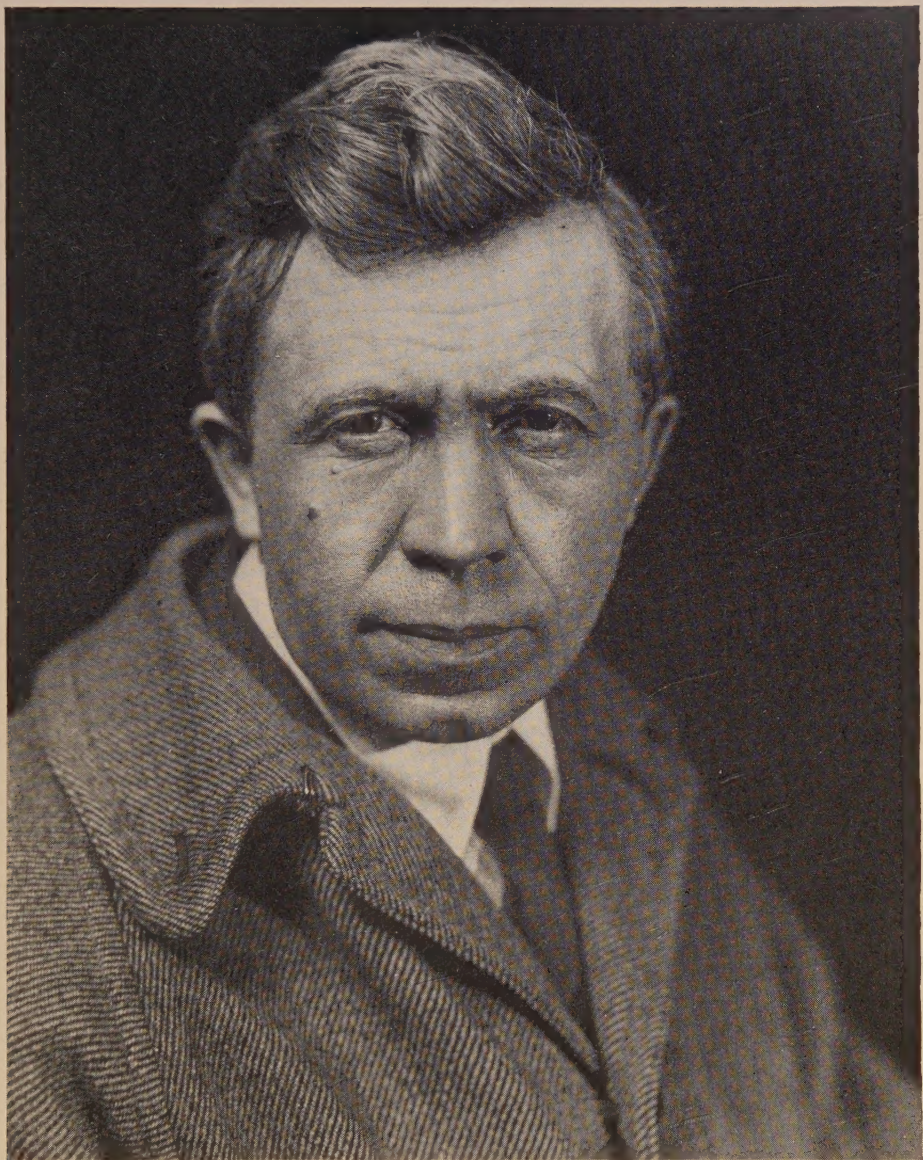
The most famous French man of letters of his epoch

(From a crayon drawing by Pierre Calmettes. Copyright Brown Brothers)



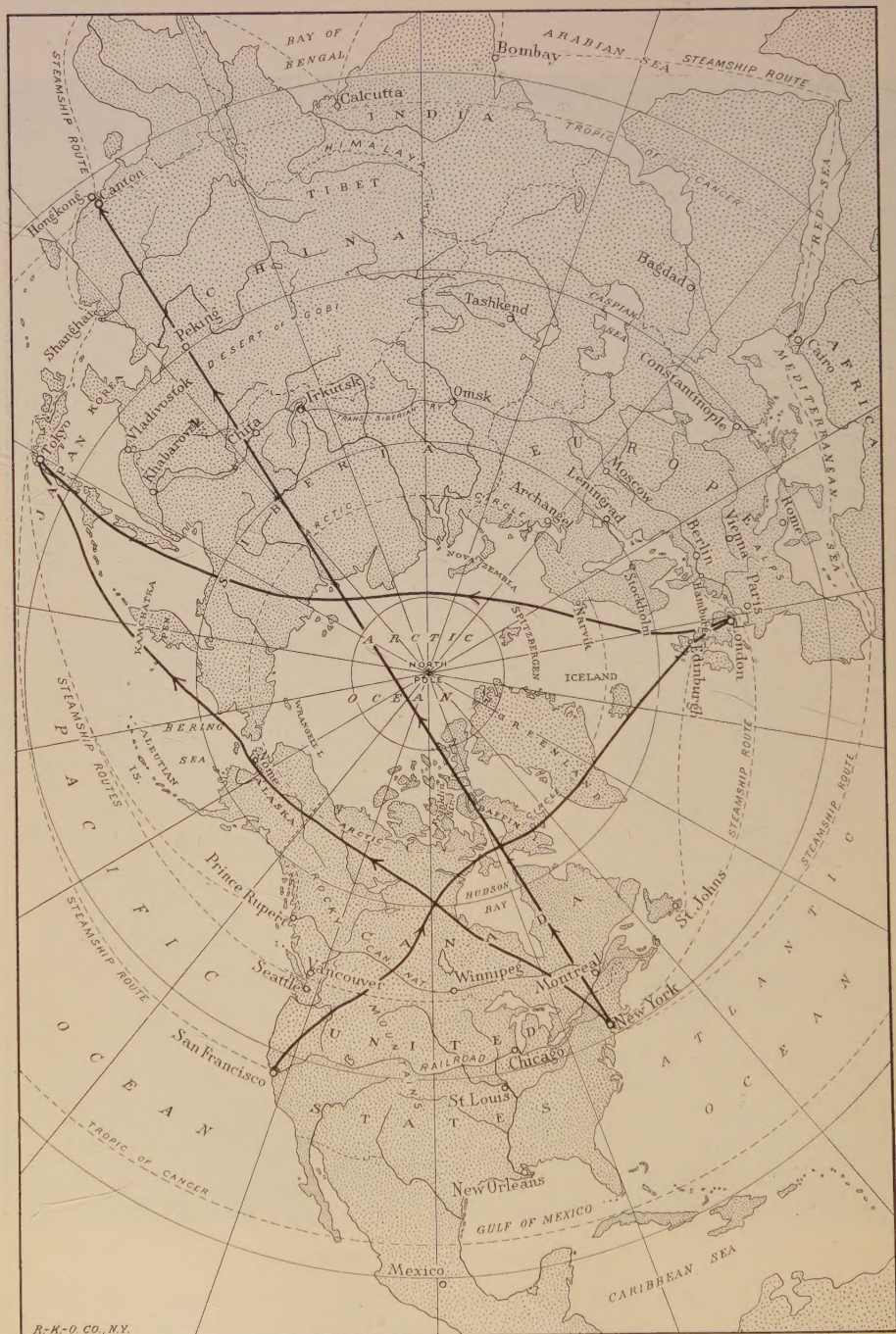
ALLAN ARMSTRONG HUNTER

*Presbyterian Minister, Champion of the American Youth Movement, who regards
the drawing together of the world's youth as a hopeful sign of better days for our
barassed civilization*



VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

One of the greatest of living explorers, who believes that the proposed short air routes over the Arctic regions will usher in a new era in human history



R-K-O. CO., N.Y.

THE NORTH POLE: HUB OF THE CONTINENTS

Showing some possible air routes of the near future and some present steamship and rail routes